

Poetry

ORIGINAL & SELECTED

EDITION



Drawn by J. G. Smith

Engraved by J. G. Smith

GLASGOW

Printed by J. G. Smith

of the Book

TO THE
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED



X.

✓

POETRY;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

DELICIA MUSARUM.

*The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.*

SHAKSPEARE.

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THE POEMS contained in this Volume were published separately, without any view of forming a Collection. Encouraged by an extensive and rapid sale, publication was continued until it had become inconvenient for the purchasers to retain the numbers in a scattered state. The EDITORS have therefore been induced to offer to the Public the present volume, which contains twenty-four of the separate Collections, originally published at one penny each.

SOME of the Poems are original. Those which have been formerly published are either such as are not commonly met with, or possess some peculiar merit to recommend them. Indeed, from the very favourable reception they have experienced, the EDITORS flatter themselves, that they have not been altogether unsuccessful in their endeavours to gratify the taste of the Public.

It would be ungrateful to omit the present opportunity, of acknowledging how much the EDITORS have been indebted to the communications, and assistance of their friends. Under a continuance of public and private patronage, which they respectfully take the liberty of soliciting, they hope to be enabled to form another Volume of original and selected Poetry, not inferior to the present,



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SMOLLETT's

CELEBRATED ODE

TO

INDEPENDENCE.

*Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.*

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ODE TO INDEPENDENCE,

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky,
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying
clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd;
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name, urg'd the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow—
'The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood! *



* Baptiz'd with blood.]—Charlemagne obliged some thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptiz'd ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince, Vitikind, fled for shelter to Gertrick, King of Denmark.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore;
 And Liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lull'd by the hoarse resounding main;
 When a bold savage pass'd that way,
 Impell'd by Destiny, his name Disdain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd;
 The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest,
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
 He stopp'd; he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt th' impression of her charms;
 He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd,
 And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The Curlew scream'd, the Tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
 Old Time exulted as he flew,
 And Independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where, under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
 Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.—
 The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy
 The smiling infant; to their charge consign'd;
 The Doric muse caress'd the fav'rite boy;
 The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
 As rolling years matur'd his age,
 He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus he wing'd his way,
 And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul,
 On desert * isles 'twas he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
 He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms,
 To burst the Iberian's double chain †;
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
 He with the generous rustics sat,
 On Uri's rocks, in close divan ‡;
 And wing'd that arrow, sure as fate,
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.



* On desert isles.]—Although Venice was built a considerable time before the era here assign'd for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

† To burst th' Iberian's double chain.]—The Low Countries were not only oppress'd by grievous taxation, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

‡ On Uri's rocks.]—Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd *,
 Where blasted nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust,
 To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
 And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast †!
 He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing ‡
 And taught amidst the dreary waste
 Th' all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.
 He virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd thro' every baser mould,
 Ev'n now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ‡.
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
 My lips by him chastis'd to truth,
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.



* Arabia's scorching sands.]—*The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.*

† And many a Tartar hord.]—*From the tyranny of Genghis Khan, Timur Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartary were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.*

‡ And turns the dross of Corsica.]—*The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French King, must endear them to all the sons of Liberty and Independence.*

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread;
 Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
 And Titie his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow;
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd;
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
 And all her jingling-bells fantastic folly ring;
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell,
 Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.

There Study shall with Solitude recline;
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering Life sustains:
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
 And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
 And Industry supply the humble store;
 And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed:
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal Sprite,
 Shall chace far off the goblins of the night;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

LYRIC POETRY imitates violent and ardent passions. It is therefore bold, various, and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and forms of speech often unusual, but commonly nervous and expressive. The composition and arrangement of parts may often appear disordered, and the transitions sudden and obscure; but they are always natural, and are governed by the movements and variations of the imitated passion. The foregoing ode will illustrate these observations.

The ode may be divided into three parts. The poet sets out with a brief address to Independence, imploring his protection. He sees, in idea, the high

object of his adoration, and, transported by an ardent and irresistible impulse, he rehearses his birth, education, and qualities. He proceeds, in the second place, to celebrate his office and most renowned achievements; and returns, at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge with gratitude the protection he had requested, and the power of his dependence in preserving him untainted by the debasing influences of Grandeur, and the admiration of vain Magnificence.—Animated with this reflection, and conscious of the dignity annexed to an independent state of mind, he inveighs against those “Minions of Fortune” who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

In the last antistrophe the poet descends from his enthusiasm; he is less impetuous; the illustrious passions that animated and impelled him are exhausted; but they leave his mind full of their genuine and benign influences, not agitated and disordered, as if their tendency had been vicious, but glowing with self-approbation, soft, gentle, and composed.

FINIS.



THE
EMIGRANT.
A
POEM.

BY THE
HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

"To Shun these ills that threat my hoary head,
"I seek in foreign lands precarious bread;
"On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,
"No lord can use me harder than my own."

To which is added,
DR. SMOLLET'S ODE
TO
LEVEN WATER.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following very beautiful and pathetic Poem, the production of the Honourable HENRY ERSKINE, was written upon occasion of the frequent Emigrations from Scotland, more especially from the Highlands.

That the publication of it may tend to heighten and to diffuse that spirit of benevolence and humanity, towards our distressed countrymen, which seems at present to be awakened, is the design of its present publication.— And it is earnestly to be wished, that it may promote the good end for which it is now presented to the public.

Copies of it appeared, some time ago, in a mutilated form, the present is printed from that done with permission of the amiable and distinguished author, and it will afford the reader more pleasure, when he is assured that it is entire.



T H E
E M I G R A N T.

" Nos patriae fines, et dulcia linquimus arva,

" Nos patriam fugimus—"

VIRGIL.

" We leave our country and our native plains."

FAST by the-margin of a mossy rill,
That wandered, gurgling down a heath clad hill,
An antient shepherd stood, oppress'd with woe,
And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd below;
Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
A ships unwonted form was seen to ride.
Unwonted, well I ween; for ne'er before,
Had touch'd one keel, the solitary shore;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd,
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining hairs were silver grey,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him, bleating, stray'd a scanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighbouring rock.
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove with many trick to ease his care.

While o'er his furrow'd cheeks, the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began :

“ Farewell ! farewell ! dear Caledonia's strand,
“ Rough though thou be, yet still my native land,
“ Exil'd from thee I seek a foreign shore,
“ Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more :
“ By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless age,
“ That should e'er now have left life's bustling stage,
“ Is forc'd the ocean's boist'rous breast to brave,
“ In a far, foreign, land to seek a grave.

“ And must I leave thee then, my little cot !
“ Mine and my father's poor, but happy, lot,
“ Where I have pass'd in innocence away,
“ Year after year, till age has turn'd me grey ?

“ Thou, dear companion of my happier life,
“ Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife,
“ 'Twas here you rear'd with fond maternal pride,
“ Five comely sons : three for their country died !
“ Two still remain, sad remnant of the wars,
“ Without one mark of honour but their scars ;
“ They live to see their sire denied a grave,
“ In lands his much lov'd children died to save :
“ Yet still in peace and safety did we live,
“ In peace and safety more than wealth can give.
“ My two remaining boys with sturdy hands,
“ Rear'd the scant produce of our niggard lands :
“ Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd,
“ No more from us our gen'rous lord requir'd.

" But ah, sad change ! those blessed days are o'er,
 And peace, content, and safety charm no more.
 Another lord now rules those wide domains,
 The avaricious tyrant of the plains,
 Far far from hence he revels life away,
 In guilty pleasures, our poor means must pay.
 The mossy plains, the mountains' barren brow,
 Must now be tortur'd by the rearing plow,
 And, spite of nature, crops be taught to rise
 Which to these northern climes wile Heav'n denies,
 In vain, with sweating brow and weary hands,
 We strive to earn the gold our lord demands,
 While cold and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom,
 Await our failure as its certain doom.

" To shun these ills that threat my hoary head,
 I seek in foreign lands precarious bread ;
 Forc'd, tho' my helpless age from guilt be pure,
 The pangs of banish'd felons to endure ;
 And all because these hands have vainly try'd,
 To force from art what nature has deny'd ;
 Because my little all will not suffice,
 To pay th' insatiate claims of avarice.

" In vain, of richer climates I am told,
 Whose hills are rich in gems, whose streams are gold,
 I am contented here, I ne'er have seen,
 A vale more fertile, nor a hill more green,
 Nor would I leave this sweet, though humble cot,
 To share the richest monarch's envied lot.

" O ! would to Heaven th' alternative were mine,
 " Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine,
 " Soon would I chuse : but e'er to-morrow's sun,
 " Has o'er my head his radiant journey run,
 " I shall be robb'd, by what they JUSTICE call,
 " By legal ruffians, of my little all :
 " Driv'n out to hunger, nakedness and grief,
 " Without one pitying hand to bring relief.
 " Then come, oh ! sad alternative to chuse,
 " Come, banishment, I will no more refuse,
 " Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,
 " Can add of horror to my tortur'd mind,

" On whatsoever coast I may be thrown ;
 " No lord can use me harder than my own ;
 " Even they who tear the limbs and drink the gore,
 " Of helpless strangers, what can they do more ?

" For thee, insatiate chief ! whose ruthless hand,
 " For ever drives me from my native land :
 " For thee I leave no greater curse behind,
 " Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind ;
 " Or what were harder to a soul like thine,
 " To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

" For you my friends, and neighbours, of the vale,
 " Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,
 " Soon may our king, whose breast paternal glows,
 " With tenderest feelings, for his peoples woes,
 " Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
 " To ease your sorrow's stretch the helping hand.

Else soon, too soon, your hapless fate shall be
Like me to suffer, to depart like me.

“ On your dear native land from whence I part,
Rest the best blessing of a broken heart,
If in some future hour, the foe should land
His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,
May she not then th' alarum sound in vain,
Nor miss her banished thousands on the plain.

“ Feed on my sheep, for though depriv'd of me,
My cruel foes shall your protectors be,
For their own sakes, shall pen your straggling flocks,
And save your lambkins from the rav'ning fox.

“ Feed on my goats, another now shall drain,
Your streams that heal disease and soften pain;
No streams alas! can ever ever flow,
To heal your master's heart, or soothe his woe.

“ Feed on my flocks, ye harmless people feed,
The worst that ye can suffer is to bleed.

O! that the murderer's steel were all my fear!
How fondly would I stay to perish here—

But hark! my sons loud call me from the vale,
And lo! the vessel spreads her swelling sail.

Farewell! Farewell!”—A while his hands he wrung,

And o'er his crook in speechless sorrow hung,

Then casting many a ling'ring look behind,

Down the steep mountain's brow began to wind.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envy'd not the happiest swain
That ever trode th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
While, lightly pois'd the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
The springing trout, in speckl'd pride ;
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
The silver eel and mottled par
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges, flow'r'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen ;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail ;
And shepherds, piping in the dale ;
And antient faith, that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil ;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard !

F I N I S.

ALOWAY KIRK;

OR

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

BY

ROBERT BURNS, [Single Volume]

THE AYRSHIRE POET.

- " Whae'er this tale o' truth shall read,
" Ilk man and mother's son tak heed :
" Whane'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
" Or Cutty Sarks rin in your mind,
" Think—ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
" Remember TAM O' SHANTER's MARE."





TAM O' SHANTER.

WHAN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, flaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—

This truth fand honest TAM O' SHANTER,
As he frae Ayr 'ae night did canter ;
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O TAM ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife KATE's advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken bellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
'That ilka melder, wi' the Miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The Smith and thee get roaring fou on ;

hat, at the Laird's House, even on Sunday,
 thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.—
 he prophesied that, late or soon,
 thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 by ALOWAY's auld haunted kirk.—

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 to think how mony counsels sweet,
 how mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 the husband frae the wife despises!

But to our Tale: Ae market night,
 TAM had got planted unco right;
 fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 and, at his elbow, Souter JOHNNY,
 his antient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 TAM lo'ed him like a vera brither,
 they had been fou hale weeks thegither;—
 the night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 and aye the ale was growing better:
 the Landlady and TAM grew gracious,
 wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious;
 the Souter tauld his queerest stories,
 the Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 the storm without might rair and rustle,
 TAM didna mind the storm a whistle

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 then drown'd himsel amang the nappy;
 as bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 the minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
 sings may be blest, but TAM was glorious,
 for a' the ills of life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 thou seize the flower, its bloom is shed;

Or, like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or, like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point the place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether Time or Tide,
 The hour approaches, TAM maun ride;
 That hour o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in,
 And sic a night he takes the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
 The rattling showers rose on the blast,
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
 That night a child might understand,
 The De'il had business on his hand,—

Weel mounted on his gray mare, MEG,
 A better never lifted leg,
 TAM skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despisin wind, and rain and fire;
 Whiles haddin fast his gude blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 KIRK-ALLOWAY was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken CHARLIE brake's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's Mither hang'd hersel.—
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll:
 Whan, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 KIRK-ALLOWAY seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold JOHN BARLEYCORN,
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' Tipenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' Usquabae, we'll face the Devil!
 The swats sae ream'd in TAMMIE's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na de'il's a boddle;
 But MAGGY stood right fair astonish'd,
 Till by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward to the light,
 And, vow! TAM saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance,
 Nae cottilion, brent-new frae France,
 But hornpikes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.—
 At winnock bunker, in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A touzie tyke, black grim and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the Dead in their last drestes,
 And (by some devilish cantrip sight)
 Each in its cauld hand held a light—
 By which heroic TAM was able
 To note upon the haly table,

A murderer's hanes in gibbet-airns;
 Twa span-long, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new cutt'd frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab d-
 Five tomahawks, wi' blud-reddell'd;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder c-
 A garter, which a babe had strangl'd,
 A knife a father's throat had mangl'd,
 Whom his ain son of life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stak to the heft;
 With mair o' horrible and awfu'
 Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu';
 Three lawyers tongues turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seem'd like a beggar's cloot;
And Priest's hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay sinkin', vile, in evry nook.—

As TAMMIE glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The Piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka Carlins swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

Now, TAM, O TAM! had they been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flanen,
 Been snaw-white, seventeen-hundred linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a toal,

Louping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.—
 But TAM kend what was what fu' brawly,
 There was ae winsome wench and wally,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear—)
 Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vaunty.—
 Ah, little thought thy reverend Grannie,
 That sark she cost for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' two pund Scots, ('twas a' their riches)
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was, and strang)
 And how TAM stood like a bewitched,
 And thought his vera een enriched;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fig'd fu' fain,
 And hutch'd, and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper—syne anither—
 TAM lost his reason a' thegither,
 Then roar'd out—" *Weel done, Cutty Sark!*"
 Syne in an instant all grew dark,
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 Till out the hellish legion sallied.—

As bees biz out wi' angry syke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;

As open puffie's mortal foes
 When pop, she starts before their nose ;
 As eager rins the market-croud,
 When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie rins, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch shout and holo.—

Ah TAM ! ah TAM ! thou'll get thy fairing !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herring !
 In vain thy KATE awaits thy coming !
 KATE soon will be a wae-su' woman ! !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost MEG,
 And win the key-stane, o' the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross ;
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The sient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest
 Hard upon Noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at TAM wi' furious ettle,
 But little kend she Maggie's mettle :
 Ae spring brought aff her Master hale,
 But left behind her aye gray tail ;
 The Carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.—

*Now, wba this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son tak heed :
 Wban'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
 Or Cutty Sark's rin in your mind,
 Think—ye may buy the joys o'er dear ;
 Remember TAM O' SHANTER'S MARE.*



F I N I S.

THE
SOLDIER'S RETURN.

A SONG.

BY
ROBERT BURNS.

THE AIRSHIRE POET.

[Single Poem]

"The brave poor Soldier ne'er despise,
"Nor count him as a stranger;
"Remember, he's his country's stay,
"In day and hour of danger."

To which is added,
A SONNET
WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.
AND
AN EPIGRAM.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following very pleasing Song, adapted to the melody of one of our most favourite Scottish Airs, has not appeared in any of the Editions of MR. BURNS' Poetry; it has, therefore, been hitherto much less known, and its merit entitled it to be.

The sentiments which it expresses must be congenial to every breast that is not destitute of feeling, and it is presumed that those who are pleased with that Natural Simplicity, which is the peculiar characteristic of the Scottish Song, will not find it wanting in that respect.



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AIR.—*The Mill, Mill O.*

I.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
and gentle peace returning,
eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
that had been blear'd with mourning;

II.

the lines, and tented field,
there lang I'd been a lodger,

My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest Soldier.

III.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.

IV.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

V.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.

VI.

Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

VII.

alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
 happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom.

VIII.

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 Fain wad I be thy lodger;
 I serv'd my King and country lang,
 Take pity on a Soldier.

IX.

He wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever;
 O' she, a Soldier ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him I shall never:

X.

My humble cot, and hamely fare,
 He freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 We're welcome for the sake o't.

XI.

He gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 He pale like ony lily,

She sank within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

XII.

By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

XIII.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.

XIV.

Quo' she, my grandfire left me gowd,
A mailin' plenish'd fairly;
Come then, my faithful Soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

XV.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the Soldier's prize,
The Soldier's wealth is honour;

XVI.

The brave poor Soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember, he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.

I.

IN some rude fragment of the rocky shore,
 Where, on the fractur'd cliff, the billows break,
 Mus'ing, my solitary seat I take,
 And listen to the deep and solemn roar.

II.

O'er the dark waves the winds tempestuous howl;
 The screaming sea-bird quits the troubled sea:
 But the wild gloomy scene has charms for me,
 And suits the mournful temper of my soul.

III.

Already shipwreck'd by the storms of fate,
 Like the poor Mariner methinks I stand,
 Cast on a rock ; who sees the distant land
 From whence no succour comes—or comes too late
 Faint and more faint, are heard his feeble cries,
 Till in the rising tide, the exhausted sufferer dies

SAWNEY THE TINKER AND THE PEER.



AN EPIGRAM.

A Member of the modern great
 Pass'd Sawney with his *budget* ;
 The Peer was in a Car of State,
 The *Tinker* forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney well deserves the praise
 His Lordship does parade for ;
 He's debtor for his dapple greys,
 But *Sawney's shoes are paid for.*

F I N I S.

WATTY AND MEG;

OR THE

WIFE REFORMED.

A TRUE TALE.

We dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake.

POPE.

*Before I married Meg, I'll tak' my aith,
Her tongue was never louder than her breath;
But now it's turn'd sae souple and sae bauld
That Job himsell cou'd never thole the scauld.*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

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WATTY AND MEG.

I.

KEEN the frosty winds war blawin',
Deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, wearyt a' day *farwin'* *,
Daunert down to Mungo Bluc's.

H.

Dryfter Jock was sitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!"
"Haith we'fe ha'e anither gill."

III.

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sat mony nei'bours roun',
Kicket frae his shoon the sna' ba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

IV.

Owre a boord, wi' bannocks heaped,
Cheese, an' stoups, an' glassies flood;
Some war roarin', ithers sleepet,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

V.

Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fellow,
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

VI.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',
Pleg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

** Saving Timber.*

VII.

- "What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
 "Trowth your chaits are sa'ing in!
 "Something's wrang—I'm vext to see you—
 "Gudefake! but ye're desp'rate thin!"

VIII.

- "Aye," quo' Watty, "things are alter'd,
 "But its past redemption now,
 "O! I wish I had been halter'd
 "When I marry'd Maggy Howe!"

IX.

- "I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
 "Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
 "Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
 "Laid the cape-stane o' them a'.

X.

- "Night and day she's ever yelpin',
 "Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;
 "Whan she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin',
 "Then she flees like fire on me.

XI.

- "See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
 "Wi' her everlasting clack,
 "Whiles I've had my neive, in passion,
 "Liftet up to break her back!"

XII.

- "O! for gudefake, keep frae cuffs?"
 Mungo shook his head and said,
 "Weel I ken whar'fort o' life it's;
 "Ken ye, Watty, how I did?"

XIII.

- "After Bess and I war kippl'd,
 "Soon she grew like ony bear,
 "Brak' my shins, and, when I tippl'd,
 "Har'd out my very hair!"

XIV.

- "For a wee I quietly knuckl'd,
 "But whan naething would prevail,

' Up my claes and cash I buekl'd,
' *Bess! for ever fare ye weel.*

XV.

' Then her din grew less and less ay,
' Haith I gart her change her tune;
' Now a better wife than Bessy
' Never slept in leather shoon.

XVI.

' Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her
' Ragin' like a roarin' flood,
' Swear *that moment* that ye'll lea' her;
' That's the way to keep her gude.'

XVII.

Laughing, fangs, and lasses' skirls,
Echo'd now out thro' the roof:
Done! quo' Pate, and syne his arles
Nail'd the Dryster's wauket loof.

XVIII.

I' the thrang o' stories telling,
Shaking han's, an' joking queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
" Mungo! is our Watty here?"

XIX.

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry,
Darted thro' him like a knife,
Up the door flew—like a fury,
In came Watty's scawlin' wife.

XX.

" Nasty, gude-for-naerhing being!
" O ye snuffy drucken sow!
" Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,
" Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

XXI.

" Devil nor your legs war broken!
" Sic a life nae flesh endures—
" Toilin' like a slave, to shoen
" You, ye dyvor, and your 'bore!

XXII.

Rife! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
 "Drink's your night and day's desire;
 Rife, this precious hour! or faith I'll
 "Fling your whisky i' the fire!"

XXIII.

Fatty heard her tongue unhallowt,
 Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
 Left the house, while Maggy fallowt,
 Flyting a' the road behin'.

XXIV.

Now frae every door cam' lampin',
 Maggy curst them ane and a',
 Sippet wi' her han's, and stampin',
 Lost her bauchels i' the sna'.

XXV.

Came, at length, she turn'd the gavel,
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,
 Agin' like a very devil,
 Kickin' stools and chairs about.

XXVI.

Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you!
 "Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!
 Little hands my han's, confound you!
 "But I cleave you to the teeth."

XXVII.

Fatty, wha midst this oration
 Ey'd her whites, but durstna' speak,
 At like patient Resignation
 Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

XXVIII.

And his wee drap brose he sippet,
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,
 Sighin' af'en to himsel'.

XXIX.

Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
 "Ilk ane has his ills to drece;

" But thro' a' the hale creation
 " Is a mortal vext like me!"

XXX.

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,
 Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak';
 Maggy, aft wi' horror hauntet,
 Mumlin', startet at his back.

XXXI.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
 Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
 Kifs'd his weanics while they sleepet,
 Wakent Meg, and fought fareweel.

XXXII.

" Fareweel, Meg!—And, O! may Heav'n
 " Keep you ay within his care:
 " Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
 " Now he'll never fash you mair.

XXXIII.

" Happy could I been beside you,
 " Happy baith at morn and e'en:
 " A' the ills did e'er betide you,
 " Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

XXXIV.

" But ye ever like to see me
 " Vext and fighin' late and air.—
 " Fareweel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
 " So thou'll never see me mair."

XXXV.

Meg a' sabbin', sae to lose him,
 Sic a change had never wist,
 Held his han' close to her bosom,
 While her heart was like to brist.

XXXVI.

" O, my Watty! will ye lea' me,
 " Frien'less, helpless, to despair!
 " O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
 " Never will I vex you mair."

XXXVII.

Aye! ye've aft said *that*, and broken
 " A' your vows ten times a-week.
 No, no, Meg! See!—there's a token
 " Glitt'ring on my bonnet cheek.

XXXVIII.

Owre the seas I march this morning,
 " Lisset, testet, sworn an' a',
 Forc'd by your confounded girning;
 " Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa'."

XXXIX.

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yammer,
 Round their sabbin' mother flew.

XL.

Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you—
 " Stay, O Watty! stay at hame.
 Here, upo' my knees, I'll gi'e you
 " Ony vow ye like to name.

XLI.

See your poor young lamnies pleadin';
 " Will ye gang an' break our heart!
 No a *house* to put our head in!
 " No a *fric*' to take our part."

XLII.

ka word came like a bullet;
 Watty's heart begoud to shake;
 In a kist he laid his wallet,
 Dightet baith his een and spake.

XLIII.

If ance mair I cou'd by writing
 " Lea' the fogers and stay still,
 Wad you swear to drap your flyting?"
 " Yes, O Watty! yes, I will."

XLIV.

Then," quo' Watty, " mind, be honest:
 " Ay to keep your temper strive;

" Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,
 " Never mair expect to thrive.

XLV.

" Marget Howe! this hour ye solemn
 " Swear by every thing that's gude,
 " Ne'er again your spouse to scawl' him,
 " While life warms your heart and blood

XLVI.

" That ye'll neer in Mungo's seek me,—
 " Ne'er put *drucken* to my name—
 " Never out at e'ning seek me—
 " Never gloom when I come hame :

XLVII.

" That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,
 " Kick my shins, or rug my hair—
 " Lastly, *I'm to keep the filler.*
 " 'This upo' your saul ye swear?'

XLVIII.

" O—h!" quo Meg,—*" Aweel,"* quo' Watty
 " Fareweel!—faith I'll try the seas."
 " O stan' still," quo' Meg, and grat ay;
 " Ony,—ony way ye please."

XLIX.

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
 Swore to a' thing owre again :
 Watty lap, and danc'd, and kiss'd her;
 Wow! but he was won'rous fain.

L.

Down he threw his staff victorious;
 Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon;
 Syne aneath the blankets, glorious!
 Held anither *Hinney-Moon.*



F I N I S.

AB AND RINGAN.

A TALE.

AS DELIVERED IN THE PANTHEON,
EDINBURGH.

(Recited in the Character of a Poor Pedlar)

BY THE
AUTHOR OF WATTY AND MEG.

To which is added,
THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE.

A TALE.

DEMONSTRATING
THE GREAT FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

[The following Tale was recited by the Author, at
Pantheon, in a Debate on the Question, "Whether
Diffidence, or the Allurements of Pleasure, the great
BAR to Progress in Knowledge."

RAB AND RINGAN.

A TALE.



INTRODUCTION.

HECH! but its awfu' like to rise up here,
Whar sic a sight o' learnt souks pows appear!
Sae mony piercing een a' fixt on ane,
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!
But its ae mercy, mony thanks to fate,
Pedlars are poor, but unco seldom blate.

(Speaking to the President.)

This question, Sir, has been right weel disputed
And meikle, weel-a-war's been said about it:
Chiels, that precisely to the point can speak,
And gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,
Hae sent frae ilka side their sharp opinion,
And peel'd it up as ane wad peel an ingon.

*[The question had been spoken to on both sides before
Tale was recited, which was the last opinion
on the debate.]*

I winna plague ye lang wi' my poor spale,
 at ony crave your patience to a *Tale*;
 y which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stinnin',
 I perceive your *binmost minute's* rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There liv'd in Fife, an auld, stout, warldly chiel,
 Wha's stomach kend nae fare but *milk* and *meal*;
 Wife he had, I think they ca'd her *BELL*,
 And twa big sons, amais't as heigh's himsel'.
RAB, was a gleg, smart cock, wi' poutbert pash,
RINGAN, a slow, feart, bashfu' simple bash.

Baith to the College gaed. At first, spruce *RAB*,
 At Greek and Latin, grew a very *dab*:
 He beat a' roun' about him, fair and clean,
 And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';
 Frae house to house they harl'd him to dinner,
 At curst poor *RINGAN* for a *bum-drum* finner.

RAB tanked now in sic a lofty strain,
 As tho' braid Scotland had been a' his ain,
 He ca'd the *Kirk* the *Church*, the *Tirth* the *Globe*,
 And chang'd his name forsooth, frae *Rab* to *Bob*.
 Where'er ye met him, flourishing his rung,
 He hale discourse was murder'd wi' his tongue,
 His friends and saes wi' impudence he set,
 And ramm'd his nose in ev'ry thing he met.

The College now, to *RAB* grew dous and dull,
 He scorn'd wi' books to stupify his skull;
 He whirl'd to *Plays* and *Balls*, and sic like places,
 And roar'd awa at *Fairs* and *Kintra Races*:

Sent hame for filler frae his mither BELT,
 And cast a horse, and rade a race himsel';
 Drank night and day, and syne when mortal
 Row'd on the floor, and snor'd like ony sow;
 Lost a' his filler wi' some gambling sparks,
 And pawn'd for punch, his Bible and his sarks
 Till, driven at last to own he had enough,
Gaed hame a' rags, to band his Father's plough.

Poor *bum-drum* RINGAN, play'd anither part,
 For RINGAN wanted neither wit nor art;
 Of mony a far-aff place he kend the gate;
 Was deep, deep learn'd, but unco, unco *blat*.
 He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
 How mony *rake* wad lave the ocean toom;
 Whare a' the swallows gaed in time o' snaw;
 What gars the thunder roar, and tempest blaw;
 Whare lumps o' filler grow aneath the grun;
 How a' this yirth rows round about the sun;
 In short, on *books* sae meikle time he spent,
 Ye cou'dna' speak o' ought, but RINGAN kent.

Sae meikle *learning*, with sae little *pride*,
 Soon gain'd the luvè o' a' the kintra side,
 And *Death*, at that time, happ'ning to nip aff
 The *parish minister*—a poor dull ca'f,
 RINGAN was sought—he cou'dna say them by;
 And there he's preaching at this vera day.

MORAL.

Now, MR. PRESIDENT, I think it's plain,
 That *youthfu' diffidence* is certain gain.
 Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
 It guides, alike, in *Commerce* or at *College*;

struggles, the bursts of passion to controul,
 reeds all the finer feelings of the soul;
 reveals the deep-laid stratagems of guile,
 and gives *even innocence a sweeter smile*;
 nobles all the little worth we have,
 and shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast, the difference then, between the twain!
 since *pleasure* ever is pursu'd by *pain*.
Pleasure's a *Syren*, with inviting arms,
 sweet is her voice, and pow'rful are her charms;
 ur'd by her call, we tread her flow'ry ground,
 by wings our steps, and *Musick* warbles round;
 ull'd in her arms, we lose the flying hours,
 and lie embosom'd midst her blooming bow'rs,
 ill—arm'd with *death*, she *watches* our *undoing*,
 while she *sings*, and *triumphs* in our *ruin*,

END OF THE AND RINGAN,

THE
TWA CATS *and the* CHEESE

A TALE.

" *Law is a draw-well unco deep,*
" *Without a rim, fouk out to keep,*
" *Whan drunk—a donnart chiel may dreep*
" *Fu sleely in,*
" *But finds the gate baith stay and steep*
" *Ere out he win."*

FERGUSON,

TWA Cats anes on a cheese did light,
To which baith had an equal right:
But disputes, such as aft arise,
Fell out, in sharing of the prize.

Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,
Thae teeth of yours gang wond'rous quick;
Lets part it, else, lang or the moon
Be chang'd—the keback will be done,

at wha's to do't?—They're parties baith,
and ane may do the ither skaith.

With joint consent, awa they trudge,
and laid the cheese before a Judge;
Monkey, wi' a *campstool* face,
Clerk to a Justice o' the Peace;
Than he his master's chair had fill'd,
Judge he seem'd, in justice skill'd;
and umpire chosen, for division,
with sware to stand by his decision.

Demure he looks—the cheese he pales—
rees—fin's it gude—ca's for the scales;
his knife whops throw't—in twa it fell;
yne puts each ha'f in either shell:
solemnly says—"We'll weigh the case,
And strictest justice shall have place.

Then, lifting up the scales, he fand
he tane bang up, the tither stand;
yne out he took the heaviest ha'f,
and ate a knoost o't quickly af,
and try'd it syne,—it now prov'd light,
Friend cats," said he, "we'll do you right."

Then to the tither ha'f he fell,
and laid till't teughly tooth and nail,
ill, weigh'd again, it lightest prov'd.
The Judge, wha this sweet process lov'd;
ill weigh'd the case, and still ate on,
ill clients baith, were weary grown;
and tenting how the matter went,
ried, "Come, come, Sir, ye're baith content."

"Ye fools," quoth he, "But justice too
"Maun be content as well as you."

Thus grumbled they, thus he went on;
 Till baith the balves were neer hand done.
Poor Poufies now the daffin' saw,
 Of gawn for *nigyes* to the law;
 And begg'd the Judge, that he wad please
 To give them the remaining cheeke:
 To this his Worship grave; reply'd,
"The dues of Court, maun first be paid;
"And justice pleas'd:—What's to the fore
"Will scrimply do to clear your score.
"That's our decreet—Gae hame and sleep,
"And thank us ye've win aff sat cheap."

MORAL.

"Then, tho' at odds, wi' a' the warl',
 "Amang oursel's we'll never quarrel,
 "Tho' discord gie a cankar'd snarl
 "To spoil our glee,
 "As lang's there's *pith* into the barrel,
 "We'll drink and gree."

FINIS.



THE
LOSS O' THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WATTY AND MEG,
RAB AND RINGAN, &c.

II.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

AN ORIGINAL
SCOTS SONG.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

[The following Tale was delivered at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a Debate on the Question, "Whether is Disappointment in Love, or the Loss of Fortune harder to bear?"]

THE
LOSS O' THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

(Recited in the Character of a Poor Pedlar)



'BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Priog
Synce harl'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.
Since this sell question seems sae lang to hing on
In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
Was ance a Packman, wordy mony a groat;
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
I've scared pats, and sleepet in a stable:
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance ta'en,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Aye! thae war days indeed, that gart me hope,
 eblins, thro' time, to warste up a shop:
 and as a wife ay in my noddle ran,
 send my *Kate* wad grapple at me than.
 Kate was past compare! Sic cheeks! sic een!
 e smiling looks! - were never, never seen.
 ear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
 eaded to have the bridal-day but set:
 apped her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
 and thought mysel' weel paid wi' twa-three kisses,
 et still she put it aff frae day to day,
 and aften kindly in my lug wad say,
 Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,
 We'll marry than, and syne set up a shop."

O Sir, but lassies words are fast and fair!
 hey sooth our griefs, and banish ilka care:
 tha wadna toil to please the lass he lo'es?
 lover true, minds *this* in a' he does.
 nding her mind was thus sac firmly bent,
 nd that I cou'dna get her to relent,
 ere was nought left, but quietly to resign,
 eeze my pack for *ae lang bard campaign*;
 nd, as the Highlands was the place for meat,
 ventur'd there in spite of wind and weet.

Could now the Winter blew, and deep the sna'
 r three hale days, incessantly did fa'.
 r in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
 har nought was seen but mountains and the lift,
 ost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
 aist dead wi' *lunger, could, and fright, and toil*.

Thus wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' where,
 My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
 Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,
 Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth.
Cleane o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew!

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some
 I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come!
 Wi' grief and sorrow was my faul o'ercast,
 Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
 For ay the mair I warld'd roun' and roun'
 I fand mysel' ay stick the deeper down;
 Till ance, at length, wi' ae prodigious pull
 I drew my poor cauld carcase frae the hole.

Lang, lang, I fought and graped for my pack,
 Till night, and hunger forc'd me to come back.
 For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
 Till chance, at last, convey'd me to a town:
 There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
 A sad account of a' my luckless fate;
 But bade her ay be kind, and no despair,
 Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair;
 Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a towmond's date
 To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was, how little did I think
 That love wad soon be lost for sa't o' *clink*.
 The loss of fair won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
 Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
 I trusted time wad bring things round again,
 And Kate, dear Kate! wad then be a' mine ain

unfol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,
 O! what sad reverse! how thunderstruck!
 When a black day brought word frae Rab my
 brither,
 That Kate was cried, and married on anither!

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
 In vain, had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet;
 Tho' I'd heard the last day's dreadful ca',
 The deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa':
 I curs'd mysel', I curs'd my luckless fate,
 And gat—and sabbing cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,
 I drank, and ran headformost to the deil.
 My filier vanish'd; far frae hame I pin'd;
 But Kate, for ever ran across my mind.
 Her were a' my hopes,—these hopes were vain,
 And now—I'll never see her like again.

'Twas this, Sir, President, that gart me start,
 O' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,
 To gie my vote, frae sad experience, here,
 That disappointed love is war to bear
 A thousand times, than loss of world's gear.



COME UNDER MY PLAIDY

AN ORIGINAL

SCOTS SONG.

I.

* COME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to
" Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the
 snow;
" Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me
" There's room in't dear lassie! believe me, for to

II.

" Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me
" I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw
" O come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me
" There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for to

III.

* Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa
" I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the frost
" Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beside ye
" Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae 'wa

IV.

in gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's
bonny;

he's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
there's nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae
tightly,

his cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the
snaw.

V.

Dear MARION let that flee stick fast to the wa;
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I'm but *threescore and twa!*

VI.

Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk you ay finely;
At kirk or at market they'll nane gang sae bra';
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

VII.

My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
he'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay bra';
It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny
but waes me! I ken he has *naething ava!*

VIII.

hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than *twenty*; my time is but sma';
ae gie me your plaidy; I'll creep in beside ye,
thought ye'd been aulder than *threescore and twa!*

IX.

She crap in ayont him, beſide the ſtane wa,
 Whar Johnny was liſt'ning, and heard her tell
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunc
 And ſtrack 'gainſt his ſide as if burſting in twa.

X.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was drear
 And thowleſs, he tint his gate deep 'mang the ſae
 The howlet was ſcreaming, while Johnny cry

" *Women*

Wad marry the devil wad he keep them bra'!

XI.

O the deel's in the laſſes! ſae fond to gang bra'
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' FOUR SCORE
 TWA;

The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a carriage
 Plain Love is the caudeſt blaſt now that can bla

XII.

Yet dotards be wary, tak' tent wha ye marry;
 Young wives in their coaches will whip and willie
 Till they'll meet wi ſome Johnny, that's youth
 and bonny,
 And he'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haſſit to claw!



F I N I S.

LENORA.

A CELEBRATED BALLAD,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

OF BÜRGER.



AT break of day, with frightful dreams

Lenora struggled sore :

My William, art thou slain, said she,

Or dost thou love no more?

He went abroad with Richard's host,

The Paynim foes to quell;

But he no word to her had wrote,

If he were sick or well.

With sound of trump, and beat of drum,

His fellow-soldiers come ;

Their helms bedeck'd with oaken boughs,

They seek their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry road and ev'ry lane

Was full of old and young,

To gaze at the rejoicing band,

To hail with gladfome tongue.

"Thank God!" their wives and children said,

"Welcome!" the brides did say :

But greet or kiss Lenora gave

To none upon that day.

- 6 She askt of all the passing train,
For him she wish'd to see :
But none of all the passing train
Could tell if lived he.
- 7 And when the soldiers all were by,
She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the ground
In furious despair.
- 8 Her mother ran and lift her up,
And clasped in her arm,
" My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm !"
- 9 " O mother, mother ! William's gone !
What's all beside to me ?
There is no mercy, sure, above !
All, all were spar'd but he !"
- 10 " Kneel down, thy paternoster say,
'Twill calm thy troubled sp'rit :
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good ;
What he hath done is right."
- 11 " O mother, mother ! say not so ;
Most cruel is my fate :
I pray'd, and pray'd ; but what avail'd ?
'Tis now, alas ! too late."
- 12 " Our Heavenly Father, if we pray,
Will help a suff'ring child :
Go take the holy sacrament ;
So shall thy grief grow mild."
- 13 " O mother, what I feel within,
No sacrament can stay ;
No sacrament can teach the dead
To bear the sight of day."
- 14 " May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.

Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?

Thy means are all in vain :

And when his soul and body part,

His falsehood brings him pain."

" O mother, mother ! gone is gone :

My hope is all forlorn ;

The grave my only safeguard is—

O, had I ne'er been born !

Go out, go out, my lamp of life ;

In grisly darkness die :

There is no mercy, sure, above !

For ever let me die."

" Almighty God ! O do not judge

My poor unhappy child ;

She knows not what her lips pronounce,

Her anguish makes her wild.

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,

And think on God and bliss ;

For so, at least, shall not thy soul

Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

" O mother, mother ! what is bliss,

And what the fiend's cell ?

With him 'tis heaven any where,

Without my William, hell.

Go out, go out, my lamp of life ;

In endless darkness die :

Without him I must loath the earth,

Without him scorn the sky."

And so despair did rave and rage

Athwart her boiling veins ;

Against the Providence of Heaven

She hurl'd her impious strains.

She beat her breast, and wrung her hands,

And roll'd her tearless eye,

From rise of morn, till the pale stars

Again did freck the sky.

24 When hark ! abroad she heard the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed speed ;
She heard a knight with clank alight,
And climb the stair in speed.

25 And soon she heard a tinkling hand,
That twirled at the pin ;
And thro' her door, that open'd not,
These words were breathed in.

26 " What ho ! what ho ! thy door undoe ;
Art watching or asleep ?
My love, dost yet remember me,
And dost thou laugh or weep ? "

27 " Ah ! William here so late at night !
Oh ! I have watcht and wak'd :
Whence dost thou come ? For thy return
My heart hath sorely ak'd. "

28 " At midnight only we may ride ;
I come o'er land and sea :
I mounted late, but soon I go ;
Arise, and come with me. "

29 " O William, enter first my bow'r,
And give me one embrace :
The blasts athwart the hawthorn hiss ;
Await a little space. "

30 " The blasts athwart the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harbour here ;
My spur is sharp, my courser paws,
My hour of flight is near.

31 All as thou liest upon thy couch,
Arise, and mount behind ;
To-night we'll ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to find. "

32 " How, ride to-night a thousand miles ?
Thy love thou dost bemock :
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clock. "

"Look up; the moon is bright, and we
Outstride the earthly men:

"I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shall end but then."

"And where is, then, thy house and home;
And where thy bridal bed?"

"Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark;
Far hence I rest my head."

"And is there any room for me,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's room enough for thee and me,
Wherein that we may sleep.

All as thou li'st upon thy couch,
Arise, no longer stop;

The wedding guests thy coming wait,
The chamber door is ope."

All in her sark, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;

And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;

And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!

The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sound is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed;
Splash, splash, across the sea:

"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with me?"

The moon is bright, and blue the night;
Dost quake the blast to stem?

Dost shudder, maid, to seek the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?"

- 42 How glumly sounds yon dirgy song!
 Night-ravens flap the wing.
 What knell doth slowly toll ding-dong?
 The psalms of death who sing?
- 43 It creeps, the swarthy funeral train,
 The corse is on the bier;
 Like croak of toads from lonely muirs,
 The chaunt doth meet the ear."
- 44 "Go, bear her corse when midnight's past,
 With song, and tear, and wail;
 I've got my wife, I take her home,
 My hour of wedlock hail.
- 45 Lead forth, O clark, the chaunting quire,
 To swell our nuptial song:
 Come, priest, and read the blessing soon;
 For bed, for bed we long."
- 46 They heed his call, and hush'd the sound;
 The bier was seen no more;
 And follow'd him o'er field and flood
 Yet faster than before.
- 47 Halloo! halloo! away they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.
- 48 How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
 Aright, alest are gone!
 By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
 They gallop, gallop on.
- 49 Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed;
 Splash, splash, across the sea:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost fear to ride with me?"
- 50 Look up, look up, an airy crew
 In roundel dances reel:
 The moon is bright, and blue the night,
 May't dimly see them wheel.

Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew,
 Come to, and follow me,
 And dance for us the wedding dance,
 When we in bed shall be."

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew
 Come wheeling o'er their heads,
 All rustling like the wither'd leaves
 That wide the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

And all that in the moonshine lay,
 Behind them fled afar;
 And backward scudded overhead
 The sky and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed,
 Splash, splash, across the sea;
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost fear to ride with me?"

I ween the cock prepares to crow;
 The sand will soon be run:
 I snuff the early morning air;
 Down, down! our work is done.

The dead, the dead can ride apace;
 Our wed-bed here is fit:
 Our race is rode, our journey o'er,
 Our endless union knit."

And lo! an iron-grated gate
 Soon beckons to their view:

He crack'd his whip; the clanging bolts,
 The doors asunder flew.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trod;

" 'Tis hither we are bound:"

And many a tombstone ghostly white
 Lay in the moonshine round.

60 And when he from his steed alight,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all away,
As were it made of tinder.

61 His head became a naked scull;
No hair nor een had he;
His body grew a skeleton,
Ere while so blyth to see.

62 And at his dry and bonny heel
No spur was left to be;
And in his wither'd hand you might
The scythe and hour-glass see.

63 And lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
And charnal fires outbreath;
And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite
The maid from underneath.

64 And hollow howlings hung in air,
And shrieks from vaults arose.
Then knew the maid she might no more
Her living eyes inclose.

65 But onward to the judgment-seat,
Thro' mist and moonlight drear,
The ghostly crew their flight pursue,
And hollow in her ear:—

66 “ Be patient; tho' thine heart should break,
Arraign not Heaven's decree;
Thou now art of thy body rest,
Thy soul forgiven be!”



FINIS.

GLASGOW: PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

THE
CLASS OF FAIR WONE;

OR, THE
PARSON'S DAUGHTER BETRAYED.

A
CELEBRATED BALLAD,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF BÜRGER.

" Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
" A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth ?
" That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
" Betray sweet JENNY'S unsuspecting youth ?
" Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
" Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
" Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
" Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
" Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild !"

BURNS.

GLASGOW:

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THE LASS OF FAIR WONE



I.

BESIDE the parson's bower of yew
Why strays a troubled spright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly shines
Thro' curtains of the night?

II.

Why steals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire so blue,
That lights a spot where grows no grass,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

III.

The parson's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove,
And young and fair,—and many came
To win the damsel's love.

IV.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding stream,
The windows of a stately house
In shewn of evening gleam.

V.

There dwelt, in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord so frank and free;
That oft, with inward joy of heart,
The maid beheld his glee.

VI.

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim so fine,
Or tapers, sparkling from his hall,
Beshone the midnight wine.

VII.

He sent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold;
And silken-paper, sweet with musk,
This gentle message told:

VIII.

"Let go thy sweethearts, one and all;
"Shalt thou be basely woo'd,
"That worthy art to gain the heart
"Of youths of noble blood?

IX.

"The tale I would to thee bewray,
"In secret must be said:
"At midnight hour I'll seek thy bower
"Fair lass, be not afraid.

X.

"And when the amorous nightingale
"Sings sweetly to his mate,
"I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
"Be kind, nor make me wait."

XI.

In cap and mantle clad he came,
At night, with lonely tread;
Unseen, and silent as a mist,
And hush'd the dogs with bread.

XII.

And when the amorous nightingale
Sung sweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

XIII.

The words he whisper'd were so soft,
 They won her ear and heart :
 How soon will she, who loves, believe!
 How deep a lover's art !

XIV.

No lure, no soothing guise, he spar'd,
 To banish virtuous shame;
 He call'd on holy God above,
 As witness to his flame.

XV.

He clasp'd her to his breast, and swore
 'To be for ever true :
 ' O yield thee to my wishful arms,
 ' Thy choice thou shalt not rue.'

XVI.

And while she strove, he drew her on,
 And led her to the bower
 So still, so dim—and round about
 Sweet smelt the beans in flower.

XVII.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breast,
 And pleaded every sense :
 And there the glowing breath of lust
 Did blast her innocence.

XVIII.

But when the fragrant beans began
 Their fallow blooms to shed,
 Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost;
 Her cheek, its roses fled :

XIX.

And when she saw the pods increase,
 The ruddier cherries stain,
 She felt her silken robe grow tight,
 Her waist new weight sustain.

XX.

And when the mowers went afield,
 The yellow corn to ted,
 She felt her burden stir within,
 And shook with tender dread.

XXI.

And when the winds of autumn hift
 Along the stubble field;
 Then could the damsel's piteous plight
 No longer be conceal'd.

XXII.

Her sire, a harsh and angry man,
 With furious voice revil'd :
 "Hence from my sight ! I'll none of thee—
 "I harbour not thy child."

XXIII.

And fast, amid her fluttering hair,
 With clenched fist he gripes,
 And seiz'd a leathern thong, and lash'd
 Her side with sounding stripes.

XXIV.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,
 He ribb'd with bloody wales;
 And thrust her out, tho' black the night,
 Tho' fleet and storm affails.

XXV.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,
 The maiden had to roam ;
 On tottering feet she grop'd her way,
 And sought her lover's home.

XXVI.

"A mother thou hast made of me,
 "Before thou mad'st a wife :
 "For this, upon my tender breast,
 "These livid stripes are rise :

XXVII.

"Behold."—And then, with bitter sobs,
She sunk upon the floor—
"Make good the evil thou hast wrought;
"My injur'd name restore."

XXVIII.

"Poor soul; I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd;
"Thy terrors I lament.
"Stay here; we'll have some further talk—
"The old one shall repent—"

XXIX.

"I have no time to rest and wait;
"That saves not my good name:
"If thou with honest soul hast sworn,
"O leave me not to shame;

XXX.

"But at the holy altar be
"Our union sanctified;
"Before the people and the priest
"Receive me for thy bride."

XXXI.

"Unequal matches must not blot
"The honours of my line:
"Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
"To harbour thee as mine?"

XXXII.

"What's fit and fair I'll do for thee;
"Shalt yet retain my love—
"Shalt wed my huntsman—and we'll then
"Our former transports prove."

XXXIII.

"Thy wicked soul, hard-hearted man,
"May pang in hell await!
"Sure, if not suited for thy bride,
"I was not for thy mate."

XXXIV.

Go, seek a spouse of nobler blood,
 "Nor God's just judgments dread—
 So shall, ere long, some base-born wretch
 "Defile thy marriage-bed.—

XXXV.

Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
 "In hopeless shame immerst;
 Then smite thy forehead on the wall,
 "While horrid curses burst.

XXXVI.

Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair—
 "Unsooth'd thy grinning woe:
 Thro' thy pale temples fire the ball,
 "And sink to fiends below."

XXXVII.

Collected, then, she started up,
 And, thro' the hissing sleet,
 Thro' thorn and brier, thro' flood and mire,
 She fled with bleeding feet.

XXXVIII.

"Where now," she cry'd, "my gracious God!
 "What refuge have I left?"
 And reach'd the garden of her home,
 Of hope in man bereft.

XXXIX.

On hand and foot she feebly crawl'd
 Beneath the bower unblest;
 Where withering leaves and gathering snow,
 Prepar'd her only rest.

XL.

There rending pains and darting throes
 Assail'd her shuddering frame;
 And from her womb a lovely boy,
 With wail and weeping came.

XLI.

Forth from her hair a silver pin
 With hasty hand she drew,
 And prest against its tender heart,
 And the sweet babe she flew.

XLII.

Wheneer the act of blood was done,
 Her soul its guilt abhorr'd :
 " My Jesus ! what has been my deed ?
 " Have mercy on me, Lord ! "

XLIII.

With bloody nails, beside the pond,
 Its shallow grave she tore :
 " There rest in God ; there shame and woe
 " Thou can'st not suffer more :

XLIV.

" Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child
 " Thy wound shall bleed afresh,
 " When ravens from the gallows tear
 " Thy mother's mould'ring flesh. " —

XLV.

Hard by the bower her gibbet stands :
 Her skull is still to show ;
 It seems to eye the barren grave,
 Three spans in length below.

XLVI.

That is the spot where grows no grass ;
 Where falls no rain or dew :
 Whence steals along the pond of toads
 A hovering fire so blue.

XLVII.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
 Her ghost is seen to glide ;
 Pursues and tries to quench the flame,
 And pines the pool beside.

F I N I S.



MONSIEUR TONSON.

A TALE.

WRITTEN BY

MR. TAYLOR,

AND RECITED IN LONDON BY

MR. FAWCET,

TO CROWDED AUDIENCES WITH UNIVERSAL
APPLAUSE.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

MONSIEUR TONSON.



I.

THERE liv'd as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,

A pleasant Wight on town, named TOM KING
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,
In short for strokes of humour quite *the thing*.

II.

To many a jovial Club TOM KING was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—

Choice Spirit, grave Free Mason, Buck and Bloo
Would crowd his Stories and *Bon Mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
Tom's humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

III.

To him a frolic was a high delight—

A frolic TOM would hunt for day and night

Careless how Prudence on the sport might frow

If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,

At once o'er hedge and ditch away TOM flew,

Nor left the game till he had run it down.

IV.

The night our Hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
 Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight;—
 'Twas silence all around, clear was the coast,
 The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
 And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

V.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
 Of honest, plodding, Foreign Artizans,
 Known at that time by name of REFUGEES—
 The rod of Persecution from their home
 Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
 And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

VI.

Tom and his friend were saunt'ring thro' the street,
 In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
 When, in a window near, a light they view;
 And though a dim and melancholy ray,
 Seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
 So tow'rd's the gloomy dome our Hero drew.

VII.

Just at the door Tom gave a thund'ring knock,
 (The time we may suppose near two o'clock)
 "I'll ask," says KING, "if THOMSON lodges
 here,"—

THOMSON," cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
 "I know not," KING replies, "but want to see
 What kind of animal will now appear."

VIII.

At some time a little Frenchman came,
 Whose hand display'd a rush-light's trembling flame,

The other held the thing they call *culotte* :
 An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head
 A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
 Scarcely half awake, he heav'd a yawning note

IX.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smile
 And soon address'd our Wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—
 " Pray, Sare, vat want you, dat you come so late
 " I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait;
 " Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands
 me?"

X.

" Sir," reply'd KING, " I merely thought to know
 " As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
 " But really, I disturb'd your sleep, I fear—
 " I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
 " Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
 " If there's a Mr. THOMSON lodges here?"

XI.

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrug'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break
 Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
 " No, Sare ; no Monsieur TONSON loges here

XII.

Our Wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rd's home he sped
 While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed
 But KING resolv'd not thus to drop the jest;
 So the next night, with more of whim than grace

gain he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's
rest.

XIII.

Tom knock'd,—but waited longer than before,
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door;
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound—
Tom, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

XIV.

At last Tom hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The Wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprize,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
Is there—a Mr. THOMSON—lodges here?"

XV.

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm sure, I tell you, Sare, last night—
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)
No Monsieur TONSON in de varld I know,
No Monsieur TONSON here—I toll you so;
"Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur TONSON loges
here."

XVI.

Some more excuses tender'd, off KING goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursu'd his odd career—
Was long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur TONSON here!"

XVII.

Our sportive Wight his usual visit paid,
 And the next night came forth a prattling Maid
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went fa-
 ter—

Anxious she strove Tom's errand to enquire;
 He said, " 'Twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
 " He should not stir till he had seen her Master

XVIII.

The Damsel then began in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
 Tom told her, she must fetch her Master down,
 A chaise was ready—he was leaving Town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

XIX.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
 At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
 But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
 When Tom attacks him in the usual way.

XX.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
 To this tormentor mildly to complain,
 And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
 " Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?
 " Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
 " Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here

XXI.

True as the night, Tom went, and heard a strife
 Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his Wife,

Which should descend to chase the fiend away:
 length to join their forces they agree,
 and strait impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

XXII.

Our Hero, with the firmness of rock,
 selected to receive the mighty shock,
 sitting the old enquiry, calmly stood—
 the name of THOMSON rais'd the storm so high—
 he deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
 With—"Well, I'll call when you're in gentler
 mood."

XXIII.

Next morn', our Hero, with the same intent,
 many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
 so fond of mischief was the wicked wit:
 he throw out water—for the watch they call,
 Tom expecting, still escapes from all—
 Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

XXIV.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
 some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime;
 a long'ring years were there his tedious lot:
 length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
 he treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 and his long absence is at once forgot.

XXV.

London with impatient hope Tom flies,
 the same night, as former freaks arise,
 he vain must stroll, the well-known haunt to
 trace.

" Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," Tom said
 " My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
 " Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his place

XXVI.

With rapid strokes Tom makes the mansion roar
 And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
 Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
 He took his old abode that very day—
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's Wheel

XXVII.

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him six years ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears;
 The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same
 With rush-light, as before, he creeping came,
 And Tom's detested voice astonish'd hears.

XXVIII.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright;
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
 Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
 " Begar! here's, *Monsieur TONSON* come again!"
 Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more.

F I N I S.



P O E M S

WRITTEN BY A

BRITISH SAILOR,

WHEN CONFINED IN THE

PRISON OF QUIMPER,

IN FRANCE.

“ How many bleed,
“ By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
“ How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
“ Shut from the common air, and common use
“ Of their own limbs.”

THOMSON.

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Advertisement

THE following POEMS were written by a BRITISH SEAMAN, while in prison at QUIMPER and were communicated to the EDITOR by Friend, who had himself, been eighteen months a prisoner in France. The feelings alone, of the Reader, are appealed to for ascertaining the merit. But it is believed, that the POEMS of a BRITISH SAILOR, written within that prison which was the scene of so much distress to our captive countrymen, and in the midst of the miseries which so many have reason to deplore will be esteemed curious and interesting. The EDITOR has just to add, that a very few alterations only have been made from the copy communicated to him, which probably became necessary, merely from the incorrectness of the transcript, taken in the confusion and inconvenience of a prison.



LAMENTATION

Lamentation
IN THE

PRISON OF QUIMPER.

I.

AH! BRITAIN'S Guardian Genius, why
thus leave thy sons so brave,
to drop neglected and unwept
to the silent grave:
to pine amid disease and want,
On cruel GALLIA's shore,
till in Death's darkest night they fall,
They fall, to rise no more?

II.

Ah! see the sons of NEPTUNE, bold,
for valour long renown'd,
as helpless as the new born babe
upon the cold hard ground:
Who, tho' they've fac'd the battle's rage,
and seas, and tempests wild,
are doom'd, alas! at last to be
by cruel usage, foil'd.

III.

Oh ! many a father's tender heart,
 And many a mother's too,
 And many a widow'd helpless wife
 Shall QUIMPER's prison rue :
 For many a youth, of promis'd bloom,
 And many a husband dear,
 Far, far, from BRITAIN's friendly shore,
 Died friendless victims here.

IV.

Three thousand men were in its walls,
 Once active, stout, and well,
 But ere three months were past and gone,
 Full fifteen hundred fell !
 Whilst, with dejected downcast eyes,
 Weak, languid, starv'd, and pale,
 The sad survivors scarce had strength
 To tell the mournful tale.

V.

Whilst life's warm blood flows through my veins
 And grief affords a tear,
 Still shall I weep those hapless scenes
 Which I have witness'd here.
 Whilst one idea lasts, and sense
 Of wrong, my heart can swell,
 I'll ne'er forget that land in which
 My gallant comrades fell.

THE SCENE OF WOE.

I.

I TELL of QUIMPER's gloomy walls,
In GALLIA's desolated land,
Where many a BRITON's spirit calls
For vengeance on the unfeeling band,
Where ENGLAND's noblest, brightest pride,
Was basely trampled by the foe:
What eye but wept, what heart but sigh'd,
To see so deep a scene of woe.

II.

There, many a youth who ev'ry clime
Had rang'd, and battle's dangers prov'd,
Droop'd, like the fresh rose in its prime
Transplanted from the soil it lov'd,
Unpitied pin'd, unpitied died,
Unpitied doom'd to earth to go:—
What eye but wept, what heart but sigh'd,
To see so deep a scene of woe.

III.

There, void of honour's sacred tie,
 Or of the feeling heart's reproach,
 They view'd, unmov'd, the victims die;
 Unmov'd, beheld their pangs approach,
 Unmov'd, beheld them side by side
 Expos'd to the rude blasts that blow :
 What eye but wept, what heart but sigh'd,
 To see so deep a scene of woe.

IV.

There, long the pale surviving few,
 The saddest garb of sorrow wore,
 Whilst round them noxious vapours flew,
 And cold and hunger pierc'd them fore.
 The calls of nature unsupply'd,
 To dogs and carrion forc'd to go :
 What eye but wept, what heart but sigh'd,
 To see so deep a scene of woe.

THE CARTEL.

Tune—*Mary's Dream.*

I.

LONG had the victims pale, of war,
With struggles hard, keen hunger born,
And many a gallant BRITISH TAR
Had been from life's bright precincts torn,
When came the long expected day,
On which, whilst round the tidings flee,
Divine BRITANNIA seem'd to say,
"My sons shall weep no more for me."

II.

The meagre, pallid cheek of woe,
Mark'd with the traces of despair,
Receives once more HEALTH's rosy glow,
And happiness sits smiling there:—
Whilst, oh! how sweet, he hopes to hear
Full soon, from pain, from sorrow free,
The part'ner of his bosom dear,
Say, "How I've wept and mourn'd for thee."

III

When to his longing eyes appears
 The chalky cliffs of BRITAIN'S shore,
 Ah! how his trembling bosom fears
 To find his love is true no more;
 But how he'll bless the happy day,
 When, in his arms, from danger free,
 He hears her, fraught with transport, say,
 "Ah! how I've wept and mourn'd for thee."

IV.

No more his mean, dishonour'd foes
 Shall share him out his portion scant,
 No more shall rob him of repose
 With insults keen, and pining want:
 Heed not the frequent briny tear
 Thou'lt shed, my Friend, mayhap thou'lt see
 These savage foes within thy pow'r,—
 No—"never may they weep like thee."

V.

Oft, as the jovial bowl goes round,
 Amid the sweets of festive cheer,
 Sad, shalt thou tell of those who fell,
 And spare their pensive shades a tear;
 Which, hov'ring still o'er the lov'd clime,
 Must mourn their fate was ere to be
 Murder'd on GALLIA'S savage shore,
 O BRITAIN! in *captivity*.



F I N I S.

MARGRET

AND THE

MINISTER.

A TRUE TALE.

"Sbe ne'er before saw sicken fairlies,
"Sae mony antic tirlie wabirlies! —
"How to behave, when sbe was eating,
"In sic a nice, gentle meeting,
"Sbe had great fears. — Her heart was beating;
"Her legs did shake — her face was sweating;
"But still, sbe was resolv'd, anon,
"To do in a' things like MESS JOHN."

II.

A MORNING WALK.

" — Ever charming, ever new;
"When will the Landscape tire the view."

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MARGRET *and the* MINISTER



A TRUE TALE.

A Dousz, religious, kintry wife,
That liv'd a quiet, contented life,
To show respect unto the priest
Wham she esteem'd within her breast,
Catch'd *twa fat bens*, baith big an' plump,
An' *butter* she pack'd up a lump;
Which she a present meant to gie him,
An' wi' them aff she gade to see him,
Dress'd in her ain auld kintry fas'on,
Wi' *brown fluff gown*, an' *braw white buffin*;
A dark blue clouk an' *hood co'erd a'*.
Sae lade, sae clad, she march'd awa';
Thus trudg'd a-lang—an' hence, belyve,
At the manse door she did arrive:
Rapp'r—was admitted by the maid;
Ben to the kitchen wi' her gade—
Syne for the Minister enquir'd,
Who soon came but, as she desir'd;
When she to him a *curtchie* made,
An' he to her thus smiling said:

MINISTER.

O! my dear MARGRET, is this you;
 I'm glad to see you; how d' ye do?
 How's TAMOS, my auld worthy frien'?
 How's JOCK, your son, an' daughter, JEAN?"

MARGRET.

They're gaily, Sir, we're a' meat heal,
 Yet TAMOS's e'en but craz'd an' frail;
 But, here's some butter, I present ye,
 Which, wi' thir hen's, I compliment ye."

MINISTER.

Howt, MARGRET! this speaks t' expence,
 But thanks ye'll get for recompence:
 Wi' gratefu' heart, I freely tell,
 Ye're ever kind, an' like yoursell."

MARGRET.

Whisht, Sir! wi' thanks; nae thanks awa;
 Ye're worthy mair; the gift's but sma;
 But this acknowledgment here from us,
 Means ye're belov'd by me an' TAMOS."

MINISTER.

Sic favours, sure, I ne'er expected,
 Yet blyth am I, I'm sae respected:
 Fling aff your clouk, an' follow me;
 Come ben, an' rest, an' crack awae:
 'Tis no sae aft ye come to see us,
 Ye'll wait, and tak' your dinner wi' us:
 A's ready, waiting on my comin';
 Come ben, then MARGRET, honest woman."

MARGRET.

" Na, na, Sir! dinna speak o' that,
 " I'll tak' nae dinner, weel I wat:
 " Wi' gentle manners, (ye will grant it,)
 " I've ever yet been unacquainted."

MINISTER.

" The manners that ye use at hame
 " Use here, an' banish fear an' shame.
 " The company's but few, they're wholly
 " My Wife, a Preacher, Jels, an' Polly;
 " Ye'se tak' your dinner or ye gang,
 " *Just do like me, ye'll no gas wrang.*"

To dine, at length, she was advis'd;
 Gade glowrin' ben like ane surpris'd;
 Spread wide her gown, her head creeked;
 Confus'd and awkwardly she becked;
 While rev'rend Mess JOHN, kind and fair,
 Conducted her unto a chair;
 An' tald them wi' a knacky sentence,
 She was an intimate acquaintance.

Elate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd;
 But at the table was amaz'd:
 She ne'er before saw ficken fairlies,
 Sae mony antic tirly-whirlies!—
 How to behave, when she was eating,
 In sic a nicy, gentle meeting,
 She had great fears.—Her heart was beating
 Her legs did shake—her face was sweating;
But still, she was resolv'd, anon,
To do in a' things like MESS JOHN.

A' ready, sitting face to face,
 His Rev'rence, gravely, said the grace;
 Then, wi' a frank an' open air,
 Bade them sa' on, an' lib'ral share.—
 But, he being wi' the palsy troubl'd,
 In lifting spoonfu's asten dribbl'd;
 Sae to prevent the draps o' broth,
 He prin'd to's breast the table-cloth.
 Now MARGRET's settl'd resolution,
 Was quickly put in execution;
 For as was said already, she did
 Resolve to do *whatever* he did.
 She therefore, also, like the Priest,
 Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breast,
 (Wi' a prin twa inches lang at least;)
 Which smiles frae them at table drew,
 As far's gude breeding wad allow.

Sae soon as they the kail had supped,
 To glancin' knives an' forks they gripped;
 Wi' them to weel fill'd plates fell keenly;
 Ate—took a drink—an' cracket frien'ly.
 But MARGRET only was a hearer,
 She was sae blate, nought seem'd to cheer her.
 Sae mony things appearing new,
 Came ilka minute in her view,
And fill'd her mind sae fu' o' dgean,
Cracking was clean out o' her head.

In course, the Pastor, *ber example,*
 That brought her there to feed sae ample,
 She notie'd twa or three times take
 Out o' a *disb. slaik* after *slaik*
 O' MUSTARD;—which she judg'd to be
Gravie, or some delicious brie.

FOR MARGRET never did peruse it,
Ken'd na its name, nor how to use it;
 But now determin'd to partake o't,
 She wi' a tea-spoon took a slaik o't!
Heedless, she supped up the whole!
 Then! instantly she looked droll.

Dung doited in a moment's space,
 She hung her head and threw her face!
 Flung down her knife an' fork, displeas'd,
 Syne wi' baith hands her nose she seiz'd,
 While it did bite an' blin' her een;
 The like o't, sure, was never seen:
 For, startin' up as fast as able,
The baik gear tumbl'd aff the table!

The crash o' crock'ry ware resounded,
 Plates truntlin'—ilka aye confounded!—
 Straight, to the door, she frantic flew,
 An' *after her, MESS JOHN she drew;*
 Which drave the company a' throughither
 As they were kippl'd baith thegither.
 But, in a crack, the prins brak' loose,
 An' MARGRET, ravin', left the house.

Hameward, in haste, she hobbl'd, sweating;
 Tell'd TAMOS the *disaster*, greeting;
 Wrung baith her hands, an' solemn sware,
 To dine wi' gentle folk nae mair.



A MORNING WALK.

——— *Ever charming, ever new;
When will the Landscape tire the view.*

DYER.

FAIR Phœbus, wi' his glancin' rays,
Was a' the fiel's adornin',
When o'er the lee to yonder braes,
I walked yef'day mornin':
There, sweetly daunert, a' my lane,
Compos'd, an' weel contented,
Observin' ilka lovely-scene
Nature to me presented.
Tornent me, on a risin' green,
There stood a ducket tow'rin',
Where gentle, harmless dows were seen
Upo' the tap o't' cowrin'.
A burn ran by the ducket's side,
Down thro' the green it wimpl'd,
O'er whilk a stately brig did stride,
Wi' age defac'd an' dimpl'd.
In blossoms braw, the whins an' broom
Were seen in gaudy yellow,
An' a' the knows appear'd in bloom,
On ilka side the hallow.
On right an' left, upo' the banks
Grew mony a kind o' timmer;
Some trees their lane—some plac'd in ranks,
A' in the bud o' simmer.
The cauler springs, frae places steep,
Wi' drowth were scanty dribblin',
An' here an' there the bleating sheep
Athort the braces were nibblin'.

Beside the clear meandrin' burn,
 The streams o' whilk was glancin',
 There canty lambs took mony a turn,
 Along the edge o't dancin'.
 Among the shrubs an' wavin' trees,
 Whilk I thought unco charmin',
 Were thrifty thrangs o' bizzie bees,
 In mony a place gaun swarmin'.
 Some sucked clover, while a few
 Were bummin' at their leisure;
 While ithers baul' and swiftly flew
 Awa' to store their treasure.
 The cheerfu' burds, baith big an' wee,
 A' up an' down the plantin',
 Wi' pleasin' an' delightfu' glee,
 Their bits o' sangs were chantin'.
 Gay butterflies I also saw
 In numbers, finely decked;
 Wi' nature's claife, a' busked braw;
 Some white, an' some were flecked.
The doves, the sheep, the lambs, the bees,
The brig, the burn, the ducket,
The burds, the trees, the butterflies,
 How charmin'ly they looket!
 Thae heartsome sweets, and mony mae,
 Than I can link in measure,
 Inspir'd my rustic, cheerie lay,
 An' fill'd my faul wi' pleasure.
 Henceforth, the town I'll shun, wi' a'
 Its arts, in ilka feature,
 An' still prefer to sing the braw,
The winsome charms o' Nature.



Domestic Happiness Exhibited,

I. N

I.

THE FIRESIDE.

A POEM.

BY DR. COTTON. (Nathaniel) MD

II.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

IMPROVED.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

GLASGOW:
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THE FIRESIDE.

I.

DEAR Cloe, while the busy croud,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

III.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

IV.

Rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 Then with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark;
 Leaving her vain excursions o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

V.

Who fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
 Who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Leads to the tender and the good,
 A paradise below.

VI.

Whom babes shall richest comforts bring;
 Whom they'll prove a spring,
 Whence pleasures ever rise:
 They'll form their minds with studious care,
 And all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

VII.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs;
 They'll grow in virtue every day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot:
 Monarchs! we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the Great,
 And bless our humble lot.

IX.

Our portien is not large, indeed;
 But then how little do we need,
 For Nature's calls are few!
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore relish with content,
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power;
 For if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

XI.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours given;
 Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

XII.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go;
 On checker'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble, or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE

IMPROVED.

I.

JOHN Anderson, my joe, John, I wonder wha
you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up so late
e'en,
Ye'll blear out a' your een, John, and why should
you do so,
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my
joe.

II.

John Anderson, my joe, John, whan nature first
began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work
was man;
And you amang them a' John, so trig frae tap to
toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John An-
derson, my joe.

III.

John Anderson, my joe, John, ye were my first
conceit,

and ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I ca'
ye trim and neat ;

01 Some fock say ye're auld, John, I never think
ye so,

at I think ye're ay the same to me, John An-
derson, my joe.

IV.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we've seen our bairns
bairns,

and yet my dear, John Anderson, I'm happy in
your arms,

and fae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er
say no,

tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John
Anderson, my joe.

V.

John Anderson, my joe, John, what pleasure does
it gie,

To see fae mony sprouts, John, spring up 'tween
you and me,

And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John An-

der-son, my joe.

VI.

John Anderson, my joe, John, when we were first
acquaint,

Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow
was brent,

But now your head's turn'd bald, John, your locks
 are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson
 my joe.

VII.

John Anderson, my joe, John, frae year to year
 we've past,
 And soon that year maun come, John, will bring
 us to our last,
 But let na' that affright us John, our hearts were
 ne'er our foe,
 While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson,
 son, my joe.

VIII.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we clamb the hill
 thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
 anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in
 hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson,
 son, my joe.

FINIS.



WINIFRIDA.

A SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WELCH.

BY DR. PERCY.

II.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

III.

BEAUTY *and* VIRTUE UNITED.

IV.

THE WISH.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

WINIFRIDA.

A SONG.



I.

AWAY! let nought to Love displeasing,
My Winifrida, move your care ;
Let nought delay the Heavenly blessing,
No squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Fear.

II.

What, tho' no grants of Royal Donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be *Noble*, we'll be *Good*.

III.

Our name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound, where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the *great ones* much shall wonder,
How they respect such *little folk*.

IV.

What, tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

V.

Still, shall each kind returning season,
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live *a life of reason*,
And that's the *only* life to live.

VI.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
And hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

VIII.

And when, with envy, Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your *Girls* again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my *Boys*.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

I.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose;
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows;
Refreshing as descending rains,
On sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

II.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon:
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

III.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs,
With verdant spring her notes renews:
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

IV.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As Winter to the Spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies;
 No change on Love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

V.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 And marble tow'rs and gates of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

VI.

Death, only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above;
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

VII.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born, from Heav'n, together came;
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name:
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE UNITED

A S O N G.

I.

WHEN *Innocence* and *Beauty* meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
How far, beyond expressing sweet,
Is ev'ry feature of the face?

II.

When *Peace* and *Wisdom* hold their sway,
And *Virtue* fills the glowing breast,
Each winning charm, serenely gay,
Is in th' angelic form confess'd,

III.

O *sacred Virtue*! tune my voice
With heart-inspiring harmony;
Then shall thy *calm*, yet *rapt'rous* joys!
Expand my soul with love of *thee*.

IV.

Thus, mine shall be true bliss refin'd,
When this vain shadow flies away:
Th' eternal beauties of the mind,
Shall last when all things else decay.

THE WISH.

GIVE me, kind Heav'n, the middle state;
Not meanly poor, not proudly great!
I ask no wealth, no pow'r I crave;
Let me not have, nor be, a slave:
O'er no man let me covet rule;
Let no man e'er make me his tool,

The duty I to others owe,
Teach thou my rebel heart to know;
Yet let me never anxious be,
For duty others owe to me:
But think, ere I too much expect,
The higher duties I neglect.

Bless me with health, to earn my food;
With wisdom, to discern what's good.
Lest let me others errors mind,
Than those within myself I find;
Averse to make their foibles known,
As careful to conceal my own:
And, lest I do another wrong,
Restrain the licence of my tongue!

The ills, as mortal, I must share,
Make me, without repining, bear;
Convinc'd, the sinful cause is mine,
The merciful chastisement thine.

On ev'ry fellow-mortal's woe,
 Let me a ready tear bestow;
 Nor be so much of need afraid;
 As to with-hold my little aid,
 When weeping Want, with trembling hand,
 Makes, in thy name, its meek demand.

When Innocence gives Laughter birth,
 Let me not check the harmless mirth;
 But bless the voice, that kindly cries—
 'Be merry, mortals, and be wise.'

O gracious Heav'n, these blessings give!
 I care not *where*, but *how*, I live!



VERSES ON YOUTH.

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Eccle

I.
THE pliant soul of erring youth
 Is like soft wax, or moisten'd clay;
 Apt to receive all *Heav'nly Truth*,
 Or yield to *tyrant Ill*, the sway.

II.
 Shun evil in your early years,
 So manhood shall to virtue rise;
 He who, in youth, a fool appears,
 In age, will ne'er be counted wise.

FINIS.

HEALTH.

A POEM.

BY DR. COTTON.

" O Health ?

- " Without thy chearful active energy
" No rapture swells the breast, no Poet sings,
" No more the maids of Helicon delight.
" Come then with me, O Goddess, heavenly gay?
" Begin the song: and let it sweetly flow,
" And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
" How best the fickle fabric to support
" Of mortal man; in healthful body how
" A healthful mind the longest to maintain."

ARMSTRONG.

GLASGOW:

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HEALTH.

ATTEND my Vision, thoughtless youth,
Ere long you'll think it weighty truth;
Prudent it were to think so now;
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow :
For he who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time;
Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein,—
Nor penitence dilute the stain :
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is HEALTH,
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth?
Consult the monarchs of the earth :
Imperial czars, and sultans, own
No gem so bright, that decks their throne;
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not that gruels shall avail,
For salutary gruels fail.
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's son is Egypt's reed.

How fruitless the physician's skill,
 How vain the penitential pill,
 The marble monuments proclaim,
 The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure,
 So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,
 And make the most of life you can;
 Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
 Descend with ease into the grave;
 Calmly retire, like evening light,
 And chearful, bid the world good-night?
Let temp'rance constantly preside,
 Our best physician, friend, and guide!
 Would you to wisdom make pretence,
 Proud to be thought a man of sense?
Let temp'rance (always friend to fame)
 With steady hand direct your aim;
 Or, like an archer in the dark,
 Your random shaft will miss the mark;
 For they who slight her golden rules,
 In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
 Are seldom known to reach the heart.
 I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
 With all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
 Such as the infant's on the breast;
 When Fancy, ever on the wing,
 And fruitful as the genial spring,

Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descri'd,
Drest in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw;
Behind, a garden that supply'd
All things for use, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part,
But more of nature than of art.

Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!
I said, and blest'd the fair retreat:
Here would I pass my remnant days,
Unknown to censure, or to praise;
Forget the world, and be forgot,
As POPE describes his Vestal's lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stept from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast:
She claim'd the cottage for her own,
To HEALTH a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth;

Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,
 The orchard's blushing pride they brought :
 Hence, in her face the lily speaks,
 And hence the rose which paints her cheeks ;
 The cherry gave her lips to glow,
 Her eyes were debtors to the snow ;
 And, to complete the lovely fair,
 'Tis said the chesnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,
 But often seen in rural sports :
 When in her rosy vest the dawn
 Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
 The nymph is first to form the race,
 Or wind the horn, and lead the chase.

Sudden I heard a shouting train,
 Glad acclamations fill'd the plain ;
 Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
 For HEALTH was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
 (To modern courts, I fear, unknown ;)
 One was the nymph, that loves the light,
 Fair INNOCENCE, array'd in white ;
 With sister PEACE in close embrace,
 And heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
 And VIRTUE, minister of state,
 In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
 You hear of vice preferr'd to pow'r :
 Vice was a perfect stranger here :
 No knaves engross'd the royal ear :

No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place:

What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
"No matter," says the fool, "'tis change."

Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face:
Some view'd the state with envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why;
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart;
Would not the instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense,
We should his heav'nly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile power arose
To HEALTH, whose household were her foes;
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And LUXURY the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's foster sons obey,
Made war against the queen of HEALTH,
Assisted by the troops of WEALTH.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;

Temper'd with such superior art,
 That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
 Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
 And wondrous fav'rites with the queen:
 Both were of Amazonian race,
 Both high in merit, and in place.
 Here, **RESOLUTION** march'd, whose soul
 No fear could shake, no pow'r controul;
 The heroine wore a Roman vest,
 A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
 There **PRUDENCE** shone, whose bosom wrought
 With all the various plans of thought;
 'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
 And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Siren's armies press,
 Their van was headed by **Excess**:
 The mighty wings, that form'd the side,
 Commanded by that giant **PRIDE**:
 While **SICKNESS**, and her sisters **PAIN**
 And **POVERTY**, the centre gain:
REPENTANCE, with a brow severe,
 And **DEATH**, were station'd in the rear.

HEALTH rang'd her troops with matchless art,
 And acted the defensive part:
 Her army posted on a hill,
 Plainly bespoke superior skill:
 Hence were discover'd thro' the plain,
 The motions of the hostile train:
 While **PRUDENCE**, to prevent surprize,
 Oft sally'd with her trusty spies;
 Explor'd each ambuscade below,
 And reconnoitred well the foe.

Afar when LUXURY deserv'd
 Inferior force by art supply'd,
 The Siren spake — Let FRAUD prevail,
 Since all my numerous hosts must fail;
 Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
 I'll send to HEALTH and offer peace.
 Strait she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complat,
 PLEASURE, her minister, to treat.
 This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
 And sow'd sedition in the heart!
 Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran,
 All were infected to a man.
 The wary generals were won
 By PLEASURE's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace;
 And bade diseases blast their race;
 Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
 And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
 Who still regards those wiser few,
 That dare her dictates to pursue.
 For where her stricter law prevails,
 Tho' PASSION prompts, or VICE assails;
 Long shall they cloudless skies behold,
 And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

FINIS.



PEACE AND HOME

PREFERRED TO

WAR AND TRAVEL.

II.

THE VOLUNTEER.

III.

THE DRUM.

IV.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

" Ob tarry, gentle traveller :

" Ob tarry now at setting day :

" Nor haste to leave this lovely vale

" For lofty mountains far away."

GLASGOW:

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PEACE AND HOME.



I.

Oh tarry, gentle traveller;
Oh tarry now at setting day;
Nor haste to leave this lowly vale
For lofty mountains far away.

II.

Oh tell me what has tempted thee
Thro' woods and dreary wilds to roam;
Oh tell me what has tempted thee
To quit thy lot and peaceful home.

III.

Say, hast thou not a partner dear,
That's constant to thy love, and kind?
And wilt thou leave her faithful side,
Ner cast one sorrowing look behind?

IV.

Yon sun that gilds the village spire,
And gaily flings his parting ray,
Say, smiles he not as sweetly o'er
Thy native village far away?

V.

Does mad ambition lure thy steps
To wander in the paths of strife?
Ah think how swift thy minutes fly!
Ah, think how short thy span of life!

VI.

For life is like yon crimson beam
 That trembles in the western skies;
 Full soon, alas! its glories cease;
 It sparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies.

VII.

Oh waste not then thy fleeting hours
 In foreign climes and paths unknown;
 Return thee to the happy plains
 That bounteous nature made thy own.

VIII.

For me, nor gold, nor princely power,
 Nor purple vest, nor stately dome,
 Nor all that trophy'd grandeur boasts,
 Shall lure me from my tranquil home.

IX.

This rustic cot and silent shade
 Shall evermore my dwelling be;
 Even when my destin'd days are spent
 I'll rest beneath yon aged tree.

X.

Beside the brook, a simple stone,
 Shall serve to guard my cold remains,
 And tell the pilgrims, as they pass,
 I died amidst my native plains.

XI.

Return, then gentle traveller;
 Return thee with the morning ray;
 For leave again thy lowly vale,
 For lofty mountains far away.



THE VOLUNTEER.

WHEN fivepence a solid meal cannot supply
To a jolly young man five feet ten inches high
Who has jogg'd with his knapsack twelve leagues
through the rain,

While his wench and three brats had each an
to strain ;

The poor volunteer to the halberts is tied,
For stealing two chick-eggs and getting them fried
What carters and jockies should suffer he feels
And the blood gushes down from his nape to
heels.

The Commander in chief, who is almost fifteen,
And a taylor's apprentice by right should have
been ;

Now struts round the circle, then turns on his heel
To belabour the drummers *who don't make him feel*
Swears England could ne'er have produc'd such
a rogue,

And discerns in his howling the true Irish Brogue
The Surgeon, whose sympathy swells in each
vein,

When a swoon interrupts the convulsions of
pain,

Makes them slog till he start to his senses again :

ay, Doctor and Drum for attendance are paid,
 and his pockets are sicc'd while his shoulders
 are flay'd.

He's pack'd in a transport on every state quar-
 rel,

more tightly than biscuit and beef in a barrel;
 torrents each summer shower streams through
 his tent,

barracks more dismal, December is spent;
 damp rotten bedding, the moment he's laid,
 the rage of *whole armies* his rear is betray'd;
 health he infallibly more than half starves,
 a tertian, he's us'd as a rascal deserves.

His Chloe, by hunger, compell'd to sad pranks,
 chas'd as a swindler in form through the ranks;
 children, when some baggage cart is o'er-
 thrown
 a ditch, like blind puppies are suffer'd to drown.

And when for his king thirty years he has toil'd;
 Canada frost-bit, in Africa broil'd;
 has been thrice a week handcuff'd for drinking
 his pay,

at nine thousand lashes for running away;
 as oft like a hero been wounded *before*,
 and clear'd with a cudgel each concubine's score;
 at last, with the Dons, point to point he engages;
 or more than one fourth of a scavenger's wages;
 some merciful volley then shatters a leg,
 and his crutches obtain him permission to beg.

THE DRUM.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON HEARING A DRUM BEAT

FOR THE RECRUITING SERVICE.

I.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound;
Parading round, and round, and round :
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

II.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans,
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To swell the catalogue of human woes.



SCENES OF MY YOUTH;

OR

SUCH THINGS WERE.

"I cannot but remember Such things were,
"and were most precious to me."

SHAKESPEARE,

I.

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,

Though sadly I your charms survey;

Once was wont to linger here,

From early dawn to closing day.

Scenes of my Youth! pale sorrow flings

A shade o'er all your beauties now;

And robs the moments of their wings,

That scatter pleasure as they flow;

While still to heighten every care,

Reflection tells me, *Such things were.*

II.

'Twas here a tender mother strove

To keep my happiness in view;

I smil'd beneath a parent's love,

That soft compassion ever knew;

In whom the virtues all combin'd,

On whom I could with faith rely;

To whom my heart and soul were join'd

By mild Affection's primal tie!

Who smiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,

Whilst I remember, *Such things were!*

III.

'Twas here, (where calm and tranquil rest

O'er pays the peasant for his toil)

That, first in blessing, I was blest,
 With glowing Friendship's open smile,
 My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,
 Now braves the fury of the seas;
 He fled his peaceful, happy home,
 His little fortune to encrease :
 Whilst bleeds afresh the wound of Care,
 When I remember, *Such things were!*

IV.

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
 I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
 Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
 And melted in my youthful arms.
 Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
 Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
 Far from my sight the charm of life—
 The lovely maid whom I adore.
 'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
 Could I forget that *Such things were,*

V.

Here first I saw the morn appear
 Of guileless pleasure's shining day;
 I met the dazzling brightness here,
 Here mark'd the soft declining ray—
 Beheld the skies, whose streaming light
 Gave splendour to the parting sun ;
 Now lost in sorrow's sable night,
 And all their mingled glories gone!
 Till death in pity, end my care,
 I must remember, *Such things were.*

F I N I S.



P O E M S;

I.

THE
PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

II.

NATURE AND PHYSIC.

III.

VERSES ON
THE AQUEDUCT BRIDGE, &c.
OVER KELVIN,
NEAR GLASGOW.

GLASGOW:
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PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

I.

ONE April morn, reclin'd in bed,
Just at the hour when dreams are true;
A fairy form approach'd my head,
Smiling beneath her mantle blue.

II.

"Fie, fie," she cried, "why sleep so long,
"When Health, the nymph you dearly love,
"Now roves the vernal flow'rs among,
"And waits for you in yonder grove?"

III.

"Hark! you may hear her cherub voice,
"The voice of Health is sweet and clear;
"Yes, you may hear the birds rejoice
"In symphony, her arbour near."

IV.

I rose, and hasten'd to the grove,
With eager steps and anxious mind;
I rose, the elfin's truth to prove,
And hop'd the promis'd nymph to find.

V.

My fairy took me by the hand,
And cheaffully we stepp'd along;
She stopp'd but on the new-plough'd land,
To hear the russet woodlark's song.

VI.

reach'd the grove—I look'd around,
 My fairy was no longer near;
 Of her voice I knew the sound,
 And thus she whisper'd in mine ear:

VII.

The nymph, fair Health, you came to find,
 "Within these precincts loves to dwell;
 Her breath now fills the balmy wind;
 "This path will lead you to her cell."

IX.

tended to the primrose low,
 And ask'd if Health might there reside;
 She left me," said the flower, "but now,
 "For yonder violet's purple pride."

X.

question'd next the violet's queen,
 Where buxom Health was to be found?
 She told me that she late was seen
 With cowslips toying on the ground.

XI.

then thrice I kiss'd the cowslips pale,
 And in their dew-drops bath'd my face;
 I told them all my tender tale,
 And begg'd their aid coy Health to trace.

XII.

From us," exclaim'd a lowly flower,
 "The nymph has many a day been gone,
 But now she rests within the bower,
 "Where yonder hawthorn blooms alone."

XIII.

Quick to that bower I ran, I flew,
 And yet no nymph I there could find;
 But fresh the breeze of morning blew,
 And spring was gay, and Flora kind.

XIV.

If I return'd sedate and slow,
 What if the nymph I could not see?
 The blush that pass'd along my brow
 Was proof of her divinity.

XV.

And still her votary to prove,
 And still her dulcet smiles to share,
 I'll tread the fields, I'll haunt the grove,
 With untir'd steps and fondest care.

XVI.

Goddeſs belov'd! vouchſafe to give
 A boon, a precious boon to me!
 Within thy influence let me live,
 And ſometimes, too, thy beauties ſee,

XVII.

So ſhall the muſe in nobler verſe,
 And ſtrength renew'd, exulting ſing;
 Thy praiſe, thy charms, thy power, rehearſe,
 And ſweep with bolder hand the ſtring.



NATURE AND PHYSIC.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts

"By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,

Where the pois'd lark his morning ditty chaunts,

"And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell."

SMOLLETT.

I.

DAYS Nature to Physic, "What pity that we,
Who ought to be friends, should so seldom agree
Who ought to assist and to succour each other,
And in amity live, like a sister and brother,

II.

But to look for this concord, alas, is in vain!
Of physical nostrums I've much to complain:
Tho' a goddess confess'd—yet like the weak sex,
I'm perverse the more if my temper you vex.

III.

And you Doctors, whate'er you think proper to
say,
For ever are putting me out of my way.
With medical legions my humours you chase,
Till pallid resentment appears in my face.

IV.

- " *Aperients, astringents, narcotics, combine,*
 " To thwart and oppose me in ev'ry design;
 " And such volleys of pills are discharg'd at my head
 " That my strength is exhausted, my energy dead

V.

- " But Physic should know I am not to be taught,
 " By *severe flagellation* to do what I ought;
 " That my faults may be mended by *gentle correction*
 " To which *science and talents* must give the direction.

VI.

- " Would ye wish then, ye doctors, your practice
 may prove,
 " To conciliate my favour and cherish my love,
 " With genius and candour take Nature in hand
 " Conduct by persuasion—not force by command.

VII.

- " So shall Physic once more be held in repute,
 " And her merit establish'd beyond all dispute,
 " When prescriptions are made, which the Patient
 must see,
 " Are all for *his good*, and congenial to me."



V E R S E S

ON VIEWING THE

AQUEDUCT BRIDGE, &c.

OVER KELVIN, NEAR GLASGOW.

By which the Navigation of the GREAT CANAL passes.

Architecture's pride in modern time,
To raise the thought from sordid to sublime,
See KELVIN BRIDGE, can sure that merit claim,
By structure stands unrivall'd yet in fame.
E'er thy huge pile, the eye transported strays,
From base to top, from summit unto base;
Nor more thy form strikes the astonish'd sight,
Than thy vast use the mind with sweet delight;
How thee, Kelvin steals along her bed, -
While Navigation sleeps upon thy head;
Thee, assisted, o'er th' abyss so wide,
The sons of traffic in procession ride;
From sea to sea they ply, from shore to shore,
And o'er thy shoulders waft their pond'rous store,
While trade increases, by thine aid supply'd,
And boasts a course which Nature had deny'd.

So spiteful KELVIN threatened to divide
North's tumbling flood from joining with the Clyde,
By rising form, majestic, interpos'd,
To close o'er the vale, and the wide gap was clos'd.

To vanquish Nature's local spite the more,
 The trusty Locks retain their liquid store;
 Which, from the height, by gradual steps, descend
 Till, on thy top the short liv'd torrents end.

How grand the view, when, from the hollow vale
 The eye, delighted, sees the coming sail;
 With steady pace, her middle region ply,
 And, on thy summit, hang 'twixt earth and sky

Nor finish here, the wonder and amaze,
 Which still must strike the curious stranger's gaze
 As they their course, from West to East, explore
 Or, from the East, desire the Western shore,
 The curious Lock, obedient to the pin,
 Swells, or contracts, her liquid flood within;
 When the still barge hangs pendent on the bridle
 Thy contents lessen with a gradual sink,
 While thy huge gates, with wide expansion show
 A safe progression to the next below;
 When the reverse, the rising water swells,
 And that above, its empty neighbour fills;
 While the proud barge, in elevation swims,
 And, with slow motion, up the summit climbs,
 So, having gain'd her course she onward bends,
 Till in Forth's stream the Navigation ends.

Thus, all the feature's of this vast design,
 In one great cause, their mutual efforts join,
 While thy huge Fabric, tow'rs above the rest,
 And stands the MONARCH of the Group confessed



FINIS.

THE
ONK and MILLER'S WIFE;

OR,
A' PARTIES PLEAS'D.

AN UNCO TALE.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.



A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

*Tell them wha cry "this Tale is auld,"
A better never yet was tauld.*

NOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
ken the benefit of wine;
you wha laughing scud brown ale,
rejoinks a wee, and hear a tale.

A honest Miller dwall'd in Fife,
had a young and wanton Wife,
sometimes thol'd the parish Priest
tak her man a twa-horn'd beast:
said right many visits till her,
to keep in with Hab the Miller,
deavour'd aft to make him happy,
e'er he kend the ale was nappy.
condescension in a pastor,
Halbert's love to him the faster;

And by his converse, troth 'tis true,
 Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
 Thus all the three were wond'rous pleas'd,
 The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd,
 Hab ground his corn, the Priest did cherish
 Himself with dining round the parish.
 Bess, the goodwife, thought it nae skaith,
 Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
 And Ceres gives the schools the play,
 A youth sprung from a gentle *pater*,
 Bred at St. Andrew's *alma mater*,
 Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
 And him benighted by the gate :
 To lie without, pit-mirk did shor him,
 He coudna see his thumb before him ;
 But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
 Which led him by the lugs theretill.
 To take the thread of tale along,
 This mill to Halbert did belang,
 Nor less this note your notice claims,
 The scholar's name was Master James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,
 Smoothly relate, a tale shall last
 As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
 As lang as wind or water mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw and kend him,
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him
 With sic good cheer as he cou'd make,
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.
 The scholar thought himself right sped,
 And gave him thanks in terms well-bred.
 Quoth Hab, " I canna leave my mill
 " As yet;—but stap ye wast the kill
 " A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame :
 " Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
 " 'Till I set off the mill, syne we
 " Shall tak what Bessy has to gie."

James, in return, what's handsome said,
 er lang to tell; and aff he gade.
 of the house some light did shine,
 icht led him til't as with a line:
 riv'd, he knock'd,—for doors were steekit;—
 ight throw a window Bessy keekit,
 and cries, ' Wha's that gies sowk a fright
 at sic untimous time of night?'
 mes, with good humour, most discreetly,
 old her his circumstance completely.
 dinna ken ye,' quoth the Wife,
 And up and down the thieves are rise;
 Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
 ae I'll unbar my door to nae man,—
 ut since 'tis very like, my dow,
 That all ye're telling may be true,
 ae, there's a key, gang in your way
 At the neist door,—there's braw ait strae;—
 streek down upon't, my lad, and learn
 They're no ill lodg'd wha get a barn.
 us, after meikle clitter clatter,
 mes fand he cou'dna mend the matter;
 and since it might na better be,
 ith resignation took the key,
 lock'd the barn—clamb up the mou,
 ere was an opening near the hou,
 row which he saw a glint of light,
 at gave diversion to his sight:
 r this he quickly cou'd discern
 thin wa' separate house and barn,
 and through this rive was in the wa',
 all done within the house he saw:
 e saw (what ought not to be seen,
 and scarce gied credit to his een)
 he parish priest of rev'rend fame
 active courtship with the dame—
 lengthen out description here,
 ou'd but offend the modest ear,

And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,
Which we by satire strive to tame.
Suppose the wicked action o'er,
And James continuing still to glow;
He saw the wife as fast as able,
Spread a clean servite on the table,
And syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
A piping-hot young roasted hen,
And twa good bottles stout and clear,
Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest
Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
Th' unwelcome Miller gied a roar,
Cry'd, "Bessy, haste ye open the door."—
With that the haly lecher fled,
And darn'd himsell behint a bed;
While Bessy buddl'd a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might espy;
Syne loot him in,—but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon;
"I come," said he, "as manners claims,
"To wait and crack wi' Master James,
"Which I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bissy;
"I sent him here, good wife, where is he?"
"Ye sent him here!" (quoth Bessy, grumbling)
"Kend I this James! A chiel came rumbling,
"But how was I assur'd, when dark,
"That he had been nae thievish spark,
"Or some rude wencher, gotten a dose,
"That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?"
"But what came of him? speak nae langer,"
Cries Halbert, in a highland anger.
"I sent him to the barn," quoth she:
"Gae quickly bring him in," quoth he.

James was brought in—the Wife was hawked
The Priest stood close—the Miller cracked—
Syne speer'd his sulky gloomy spouse,
What supper she had in the house,

hat might be suitable to giv'e
 ne of their lodger's quality?
 quoth she, ' Ye may well ken, good-man,
 Your feast comes frae the parritch-pan:
 The stov'd or roasted we afford,
 Are a' great strangers on our board.'
 Parritch," quoth Hab, " ye senseless tawpie!
 Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy;
 Or that his gentle stamock's master
 To worry up a pint of plaister,
 Like our mill knaves that list the laiding,
 Whase kytes can rax out like raw plaiding,
 Swith, roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
 And send for ale frae Maggy Picken's."
 Aye, aye," quoth she, ' ye may well ken,
 Tis ill brought but that's no there ben;
 Whan but last owk, nae farder gane,
 The laird got a' to pay his kain.'
 Then James, wha had as good a guerd
 What was in the house as Bess,
 With pawky smile this plea to end,
 To please himsell, and ease his friend,
 At open'd with a stee oration
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration.
 And he,—' By this fell art I'm able
 To whop aff any great man's table
 Whate'er I like to make a mail o'
 Either in part, or yet the hail o',
 And, if ye please, I'll shaw my art—
 Says Halbert,—" Faith, with a' my heart!"—
 As fain'd herself,—cry'd, ' Lord, be here!'—
 And near hand fell a swoon wi' fear.
 James leugh,—and bade her nathing dread,
 He to conjuring went with speed;
 And first he drew a circle round,
 Then utter'd mony a magic sound
 Words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,
 Enough to fright a very witch:

That done, James says, ' Now, now, 'tis come,
 ' And in the boal beside the lum :
 ' Now set the board; goodwife, gae ben,
 ' Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.'
 She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd;
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
 It smell'd sae well, thort time he sought it,
 But, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it,
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
 Thus ilka sense he did convene,
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his een :
 They all, in an united body,
 Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.
 " Nae mair about it," quoth the Miller,
 " The Hen looks well, and we'll sa' till her."
 ' Sae be't,' says James; and in a doup,
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.
 " Neist," O! eries Halbert, " cou'd your skill
 " But help us to a waught of ale,
 ' I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
 " And offer to the deel my wife,
 " To see if he'll discreeter mak her,
 " But, O I'm flect he winna tak her!"
 Said James, ' Ye offer very fair;
 ' The bargain's hadden, say nae mair.'
 Then thrice James shook a willow-wand,
 With kittle words thrice gave command;
 That done, with looks baith learn'd and grave,
 Said, ' Now ye'll get what ye wou'd have;
 ' Twa bottles of as nappy liquor
 ' As ever rean'd in horn or bicquor,
 ' Ahint the ark that hads your meal,
 ' Ye'll find twa standing corket weel.'
 James said, syne fast the Miller flew,
 And frae their nest the bottles drew;
 Then first the sehplar's health he toasted,
 Whase magic gart him feed on roasted;

his father's neist,—syne a' the rest
his good friends that wish'd him best,
greatly o'er langsome at this time,
a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the Miller and the Youth,
ere blythly stock'ning of their drowth,
his fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
the Priest, enclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating;
“O wow!” said Hab, “if ane might speer,
Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer
sic laits appear to us sae awfu',
We hardly think your learning lawfu'.”
“To bring your doubts to a conclusion,”

says James, “ken I'm a Rosicrucian,
ane of the set that never carries
na traffic with black deels or fairies;
There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,
That constantly around us wheel.

There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
Whase wit was gleg as ony razor :
Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
To bring these gentry to our will;

And they appear, when we've a mind,
In ony shape of human kind :

Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
I'll gar my *Pasquet* appear.”

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
with fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view :

At last his courage wan the day,
to the scholar's will gave way.

Bell by this began to smell
that, but kept her mind to'r sell :

she pray'd like howdy in her drink,
at mean time tip't young James a wink.

James frae his eye an answer sent,
which made the wife right well content :

then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd,
“Whate'er you see, be nought surpriz'd,

' And for your saul, move not your robgue;
 ' But ready stand with a great rung;
 ' Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
 ' Be sure to lend him a sound rout:
 ' I bidna this by way of mocking,
 ' For nought delights him mair than knocking.
 Hab got a kent—stood by the hallan,
 And straight the wild mischievous Callan
 Cries, ' *Radamanthus Husky Mingo,*
 Monk Horner, Hipcock, Finko, Fingo,
 ' *Appear in likeness of a Priest,*
 ' *No like a deel, in shape of beast,*
 ' *With gaping chafis to fleg us a':*
 ' *Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'.*

Then frae the hale where he was pent,
 The Priest approach'd, right well content;
 With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
 'Till he was drawing near the door;
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,
 But was not mis'd by the goodman,
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight:
 Ben slew the Miller in a fright;
 " *I trow,*" quoth he " *I laid well on;*
 " *But wew he's like our ain Mefs John!*"

F I N I S.



ye
(SIR JAMES) THE ROSS.

**AN
HISTORICAL
SCOTTISH
BALLAD.**

*Of all the Scottish Northern chiefs,
Of blyb and warlike name,
Th bravest was Sir James the Ross.
A knight of meikle fame.*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.



AN HISTORICAL SCOTTISH BALLAD.

- 1 **O**F all the Scottish Northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.
- 2 His growth was as the tufted firr,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.
- 3 The chieftain of that brave clan, Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
Beneath his high command:
- 4 In bloody fight tharise has he fill'd,
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.
- 5 The fair Matilda, dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare;
Even Margaret on the Scottish throne,
Was never half so fair.
- 6 Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
With seeming scorn and pride,
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

- 7 At last, she blest'd his well-try'd faith,
 Allow'd his tender claim;
 She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
 And own'd an equal flame;
- 8 Her father, Buchan's cruel Lord,
 Their passion disapprov'd,
 And bid her wed Sir John the Grame,
 And leave the youth she lov'd.
- 9 Ae night they met, as they were wont
 Deep in a shady wood;
 Where on a bank beside the burn,
 A blooming faugh-tree stood.
- 10 Conceal'd among the under-wood,
 The crafty Donald lay,
 The brother of Sir John the Grame,
 To hear what they might say.
- 11 When thus the maid began; My fire
 Your passion disapproves;
 And bids me wed Sir John the Grame,
 So here must end our loves.
- 12 My father's will must be obey'd,
 Nought boots me to withstand,
 Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom,
 Shall blest thee with her hand.
- 13 Matilda soon shall be forgot,
 And from thy mind defac'd,
 But may that happiness be thine,
 Which I can never taste.
- 14 What do I hear? Is this thy vow?
 Sir James the Ross reply'd:
 And will Matilda wed the Grame,
 Though sworn to be my bride?

- 15 His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
 Than reave me of thy charms,
 Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
 Fast lock'd into his arms.
- 16 I speak to try thy love, she said;
 I'll ne'er wed man but thee;
 My grave shall be my bridal-bed,
 Ere Græme my husband be.
- 17 Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
 In witness of my troth,
 And every pledge become my lot
 That day I break my oath.
- 18 They parted thus, the sun was set,
 Up hasty Donald flies;
 Come, turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,
 He, loud insulting, cries.
- 19 Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
 And soon his sword he drew,
 For Donald's blade before his breast,
 Had pierc'd his tartan through:
- 20 This for my brother's slighted love,
 His wrongs sit on my arm;
 Three paces back the youth retir'd,
 And sav'd himself from harm.
- 21 Returning swift his hand he rear'd,
 From Donald's head above,
 And through the brain and crashing bones,
 His sharp-edg'd weapon drove.
- 22 He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbld down,
 A lump of breathless clay;
 So fall my foes, quoth valiant Ross,
 And stately strode away.

- 23 Through the green wood he quickly hy'd,
 Unto Lord Buchan's hall;
 And at Matilda's window stood,
 And thus began to call:
 24 Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
 Awake, my love, awake;
 Thy luckless lover calls on thee,
 A long farewell to take;
 25 For I have slain fierce Donald Grame,
 His blood is on my sword,
 And distant are my faithful men,
 That should assist their Lord.
 26 To Sky I'll now direct my way,
 Where my brave brothers bide,
 And raise the valiant of the Isles,
 To combat on my side.
 27 O do not so, the maid replies;
 With me till morning stay,
 For dark and dreary is the night,
 And dangerous the way.
 28 All night I'll watch thee in the park,
 My faithful page I'll send,
 To run and raise the Ross's clan,
 Their master to defend.
 29 Beneath a bush he laid him down,
 And wrapt him in his plaid,
 While trembling for her lover's fate,
 At distance stood the maid.
 30 Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
 Till in a lonely glen
 He met the furious Sir John Grame,
 With twenty of his men.

- 31 Where goest thou, little page, he said,
So late, who did thee send?
I go to raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.
- 32 For he hath slain fierce Donald Grame,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men
That should assist their Lord.
- 33 And has he slain my brother dear?
The furious Grame replies;
Dishonour blast my name! but he
By me ere morning dies.
- 34 Tell me where is Sir James the Ross;
I will thee well reward:
He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park,
Matilda is his guard.
- 35 They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
And scour'd along the lee;
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty towers
By dawning of the day.
- 36 Matilda stood without the gate,
To whom thus Grame did say,
Saw ye Sir James the Ross last night,
Or did he pass this way?
- 37 Last day at noon, Matilda said,
Sir James the Ross pass'd by;
He, furious, prick'd his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hy;
- 38 By this he is at Edinburgh town,
If horse and man hold good.
Your page then lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.

39 She wrung her hands and tore her hair;
 Brave Rofs thou art betray'd,
 And ruin'd by those means, she cried,
 From whence I hop'd thine aid.

40 By this the valiant knight awak'd,
 This virgin's cry he heard;
 And up he rose and drew his sword,
 When the fierce band appear'd.

41 Your sword last night my brother slew,
 His blood yet dims its shine;
 And ere the rising of the sun,
 Your blood shall reek on mine.

42 You word it well, the chief return'd,
 But deeds approve the man;
 Set by your men, and hand to hand,
 We'll try what valour can:



43 Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
 My weighty sword you fear,
 Which shone in front, in *Floddon-field*,
 When you kept in the rear.

44 With dauntless step he forward strode,
 And dar'd him to the fight;
 Then Græme gave back and fear'd his arm,
 For well he knew its might.

45 Four of his men, the bravest four,
 Sunk down beneath his sword;
 But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
 And fought their haughty Lord.

46 Behind him basely came the Græme,
 And wounded him in the side.
 Out spouting came the purple gore,
 And all his tartans dy'd.

47 But yet his sword quitted not the gripe;
 Nor dropt he to the ground;
 Till through his enemy's heart his steel
 Had forc'd a mortal wound.

48 Græme like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
 Fell breathless on the clay;
 And down beside him sunk the Ross,
 And fainting, dying lay.

49 The sad Matilda saw him fall;
 O spare his life, she cry'd,
 Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
 Let her not be deny'd.

50 Her well-known voice the hero heard,
 He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes,
 And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
 And weakly thus replies;

51 In vain Matilda begs the life,
 By Death's arrest deny'd;
 My race is run.—Adieu, my love:
 Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

52 The sword yet warm from his left side,
 With frantic hand she drew;
 I come, Sir James the Ross, she cry'd,
 I come to follow you.

53 She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
 And bared her snowy breast,
 Then fell upon her lover's sword,
 And sunk to endless rest.

54 Then by this fatal Tragedy,
 Let parent's warning take;
 And ne'er entice their children dear,
 Their secret vows to break.

THE
LOTTERY,
A POEM.

To which are added,

EIGHT
FAVOURITE SONGS.

BY EMINENT AUTHORS.

*How sweet in the morning of life,
Are the scenes which gay fancy uprears,
O may they be sour'd by no strife,
Nor decay in the shadow of years.*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.



(2)

THE LOTTERY.

A P O E M.

AS lately saunt'ring through the Hall,
Where crowds attend at Fortune's call,
And Anak's Giant Sons are seen,
With haughty brow, and threat'ning mien,
I stopp'd attentively to view
The features of the anxious crew;
Who, oft deceived by Fortune's wiles,
Expected her uncertain smiles,
The clock strikes nine!—the wheels turn round,
Obedient to the well-known sound.
The tickets drawn, with frequent bawl,
“Blank!—Blank—re-echoes through the Hall:
A dismal gloom o'er shadows all.
At length, hoarse Stentor loudly cries—
“Ten thousand pounds!” O noble prize!
“Ten thousand!” quickly flies around,
And each eye sparkles at the sound
But soon, by various passions torn,
Their breasts with various tumults burn.
This smiles with joy; that starts with fear;
This bites his lips; that tears his hair.
Another doubts, and trembling cries—
“I hope my number is the prize!”—
The wheel is shut; with progress slow,
Returning crowds in silence go.
The day's success is quickly shewn,
And Fortune's favours all made known.
The tradesman to the office flies;
His tickets blanks salute his eyes;
Amaz'd, he utters many a moan,
All hope of thirty thousand's gone;

Attacks Dame Fortune as unkind,
 And cries, with discontented mind—
 "Why, Fortune, play me such vile pranks,
 "To turn your wheel, and give me blanks?
 "Enrich'd with vast increase of store,
 "I hop'd to keep my coach and four.
 "All blanks! Alas, my bliss is flown,
 "My money lost, my credit gone!"

Home he returns; despairing, ~~the~~
 The halter round his neck, and dies!

Such is the fate of many a fool,
 Who idly spurns the golden rule;
 And thus prefers uncertain gain,
 To honest Labour's golden mean,
 Thrice happy he, who nobly dares
 To laugh at idle Fortune's snares;
 Procuring, with assiduous toil,
 The well-earn'd riches of his native soil.

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

A S O N G.

I.

AH why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,
 Why thus lonely Philomel, why flow thy sad strain,
 For spring shall return and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain.

II.

Yet if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay,
 Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn,
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
 Full swiftly they pass, but they never return.

LOVE PREFERRED

TO

W I N E.

A S O N G.

I.

ADIEU ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine,
And as your dazzled eye balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

II.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limped streams and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

III.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove,
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

IV.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire,
I scorn the madness you approve
And value reason next to love.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

A S O N G.

I.

HOW sweet in the morning of life,
Are the scenes which gay fancy uprears,
O may they be four'd by no strife,
Nor decay in the shadow of years.

II.

But alas! the chill ev'ning will come,
And its frost ev'ry blossom subdue,
Mem'ry sighs o'er the pride of their bloom,
But no Sun the sweet charms shall renew.

UNKIND JULIA.

A S O N G.

I.

NO dawning hope can strike my soul,
To wake her from lethargic woe,
The place of mirth I'll haunt no more,
To some far deep recess I'll go.

II.

There to mourn in doleful tales,
And echo through the caves shall wind,
The joys I once with Julia found,
Though she's not false, yet she's unkind.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

A S O N G.

I.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And find too late that men betray,
What charms can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away.

II.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is to die.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

A S O N G.

I.

SINCE robb'd of all that charm'd my view,
Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,
Ye smiling native scenes adieu,
With each delightful object there.

II.

Ye dear associates of my breast,
Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell,
And thou with hoary age oppress,
Dear author of my life farewell.

III.

For me alas! thy fruitless tears,
Far, far remote from friends and home,
Shall blast thy venerable years,
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

LOVE SUPERIOR

TO

FRIENDSHIP.

A S O N G.

I.

THE passion that from friendship springs,
 Unlike the dew the morning brings,
 Unlike the flower that drops away,
 Nor quits its bloom, nor feels decay.

II.

Beneath the sun that rais'd it's head,
 The fragrant rose may yield its red,
 But love for ever stronger grows,
 The more its first felt feeling glows.

III.

Pleasure destroys itself a pace,
 And age deforms the fairest face.
 But love, well founded will aswage
 The latest hour of weary age;

IV.

Then light, O love, with golden beams,
 My waking fancy's midnight dreams,
 Seize, early seize, my willing heart,
 O hold it fast, and ne'er depart.

THE
REQUEST.



A S O N G.

I.

Y E virgin powers defend my heart
From am'rous looks and smiles,
From saucy love, or nicer art,
*Which most our sex beguiles.

II.

From sighs and vows, from awful fears,
That do to pity move,
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

III.

But if through passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide,
And where frail nature seems inclin'd,
There fix a guard of pride.

IV.

'Tis fit the price of heav'n be pure,
And worthy of it's aid,
For those who think themselves secure,
The soonest are betray'd.

F I N I S.

MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.

A TALE.

To which are added,

THE MODERN BEAU,

AND THE

DESPONDING NEGRO.

T W O

FAVOURITE SONGS.

"Now, though a *Frenchman* French with ease can jabber,

"And, doubtless, thinks all other ears are hung

"Like those he left at home, yet a *Dutch Swabber*

"Is apt enough no other speech to know,

"Than that which first he learn'd from *Mother French*."

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.



A TALE.

I.

ONCE on a time, a little French Marquis

For travel felt a mighty inclination:

To shew himself, and foreign parts to see,

He undertook a bold peregrination.

At *Dieppe* he found a sloop just under weigh,

By *Dutchmen* mann'd, and bound for *Amsterdam*;

Wind and tide serving, off he sail'd away,

And, soon sea sick, beyond finesse or sham,

Close in the cabin he preferr'd to nestle.

There, faint and languid, for a space he doz'd,

Till, from th' increas'd commotion in the vessel,

That land might be in sight he well suppos'd:

So to the deck he climb'd with empty maw,

And, sure enough, *Dutch Terra Firma* saw.

II.

While in the cabin sick and sad he lay,
 Though a true *Frenchman*, he ne'er dreamt of talking;
 But, when on deck, his spirits grew more gay,
 And his blood 'gan to circulate with walking;
 He recollected that he had a tongue.

Now, though a *Frenchman* French with ease can jabber,
 And, doubtless, thinks all other ears are hung
 Like those he left at home, yet a *Dutch Swabber*
 Is apt enough no other speech to know,
 Than that which first he learn'd from *Mother Frow*.

III.

Such was the case of all the trunk-ho'd Crew.

The Marquis, struck with wonder and delight,
 Enraptur'd gaz'd on objects all so new.

At length a sumptuous Palace caught his sight;
 Which, proudly rising from the water's side,
 Shew'd its new-painted front with flow'rets gay;
 While trim responsive gardens spreading wide,
 Display'd Dutch taste in regular array.

Anxious to know who own'd the pleasing scene,

The Marquis, bowing, with a grinning face,
 Demanded of a Tar, in *French* I ween,

"To whom belong'd that most enchanting place?"

The Tar, who knew as much of *French* as *Greek*,

Ey'd him at first with something like disdain;

Then, as he shifted round his quid to speak,

With growling voice cry'd "*Ik kan niet verstaan* *."

"Oh! ho!" reply'd the Marquis, "does it so!

"To *Monsieur Kaniferstane*! lucky man!

"The palace, to be sure, lies rather low;

"But, then, the size and grandeur of the plan!

"I never saw a Chateau on the *Seine*,

"Equal to this of *Monsieur Kaniferstane*."

* This means, "I do not understand you."

IV.

While thus he spoke, the Sailor's anchor cast,
 As the Marquis descended on the Quay,
 He saw a charming Frow that chanc'd to pass,
 In liveliest bloom of youth and beauty gay,
 Bedeck'd with all the *Amsterdam* parade
 Of gold and silver, pearls and jewels rare.
 On the Marquis she much impression made:
 His tender breast soon own'd a pleasing flame;
 Stopping a passenger, he, bowing, said,
 "Monsieur, pray tell me who's that lovely dame?"
 The civil *Dutchman* bow'd to him again,
 And gently answer'd, "*Ik kant niet verstaan.*"

V.

"What! *Monsieur Kanisferstane's* Wife!" the Marquis cry'd,
 "He who has got yon gay and sumptuous House!"
 "Well! that some men have luck can't be deny'd;
 "What! such an Edifice and such a Spouse?"
 "*Ma foi!* I think, I never should complain,
 "Had I the lot of *Monsieur Kanisferstane.*"

VI.

As, on the morrow, through the streets he pass'd,
 Gazing on all the pretty sights about,
 On a large open Hall his sight he cast,
 Where bustling crowds were going in and out.
 Joining the throng, he entrance soon obtain'd,
 And found the people much engag'd to see
 The numbers which the Blanks and Prizes gain'd
 In their High Mightinesses Lottery.
 Some laugh'd, some wept, some groan'd, and some exclaim'd
 In all the spirit of true castle-builders,
 When, on a sudden, a loud voice proclaim'd
 The sov'reign Prize of *Twenty Thousand Guilders!*

" And who," the Marquis cry'd to one close by,
 " Who has the luck this mighty Prize to gain?"
 The man survey'd him with a doubtful eye,
 And slowly answer'd, "*Ik kan niet verstaan.*"
 " What! *Monsieur Kaniferstane* got the Prize!"
 The Marquis cry'd, " he's lucky, on my life;
 " He who has got a House of such a size,
 " And such a Garden, too, and such a Wife?
 " *Diable!* you may very well be vain
 " With all these treasures, *Monsieur Kaniferstane!*"

VII.

A week or two elaps'd, when, as he stray'd,
 On novelty intent, he chanc'd to meet,
 Adorn'd with solemn pomp and grave parade,
 A sumptuous Burial coming up the street.
 " Monsieur," said he, as bowing to a Baker,
 Who left his shop the pageantry to see,
 And just had nodded to the Undertaker,
 " Pray Monsieur, whose grand burial may this be?"
 The Baker, as he turn'd to shop again,
 Reply'd most gravely, "*Ik kan niet verstaan.*"

VIII.

" *Mon Dieu!*" exclaim'd the Marquis, " What a pity!
 " *Monsieur Kaniferstane!* What surprize!
 " He had the noblest Palace in this City!
 " And such a Wife! and such a glorious Prize!
 " Alack! alack! good fortune smiles in vain;
 " So rest in peace, good *Monsieur Kaniferstane.*"

THE MODERN BEAU.

BY DIBDIN.

A S O N G.

I.

MY daddy is dead and has left me some money,
 I'll dress very fine and look very funny,
 I'll buy a fine coach with fine horses to carry me,
 Who knows then but some young lady will marry me.
 With my puff em, strut em, stride em,
 Walk em, run em, ride em, tol, &c.

II.

With my short coat to ride and my breeches of leather,
 I look like a cockney new cut out of feather,
 Then I mount on my pad that so swiftly does carry me,
 And I nod as I pass to my lord and Sir Harry.
 With my puff em, &c.

III.

I'll put on fine cloths, and go to the ball, Sir,
 Then pull out my glass and squint at them all, Sir;
 To be blind is the fashion, so I'll be blind too, Sir,
 And if you peep at me, why then I'll squint at you, Sir.
 With my puff em, &c.

IV.

As I strut round the room, I stare in their faces,
 Then pull down my ruffles all cover'd with laces;
 The ladies all giggle while their hearts are a thumping,
 What a sweet fellow's that?—oh, its young Squire Lumpkin.
 With his puff em, &c.

V.

I walk out of the room, and sometimes I stay in it,
 As us great folks can't make up our minds in a minute;
 We sit down to cards and play at bon-swaber,
 We hand round the wine and drink habber-naber,
 With our puff em, &c.

VI.

We set round the wine till we're as drunk as buffers,
 Then we knock down the candle, table, and snuffers;
 The waiter comes in, we put him in the fire,
 And then stumble home all cover'd with mire.
 With our puff em, strut em, stride em,
 Walk em, run em, rid em, tol, &c.

THE DESPONDING NEGRO.

A S O N G.

I.

ON Afric's wild plains, when the lion loud roaring,
 With freedom stalks forth the vast desert exploring;
 I was dragg'd from my hut, and chain'd as a slave,
 In a dark floating dungeon, upon the salt wave.
 Spare a halfpenny, to a poor negro.

II.

Toss'd on the rude main, I wildly despairing.
 Burst my bands, rush'd on deck, my eyes widely glaring.
 When the lightning's rude blast struck the inlets of day,
 And glory's bright beams shut for ever away,
 Spare a halfpenny, &c.

III.

Those despoilers of men, their prospect thus loosing
 Of gain by my sale, (not a blind bargain choosing,)
 As my value compared with my keeping was light.
 Had me dash'd over-board, in the dead of the night.

IV.

And but for a bark to Britannia's coast bound,
 All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been drown'd,
 But by moon-light descry'd, I was snatch'd from the wave,
 And reluctantly robb'd of a wat'ry grave.

V.

How disastrous is my fate, freedom's land tho' I tread now,
 Torn from home, wife, and children, and begging for
 bread now;
 While seas roll between us that ne'er can be cross'd,
 And hope's distant glimm'ring for ever is lost.

VI.

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge and ponderer,
 Shall bestow light and life to the blind and the wanderer,
 The European's deep dye may out-rival the snow,
 And the soul of an Ethiope be white as the snow.



F I N I S.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN LADIES.

A SONG.

BY MISS A. ROSS:

GLASGOW.

II.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

III.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

TO HIS LOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

IV.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S ADDRESS.

Verses left in a Summer-House, where certain Ladies were heard to say, that they would have no Gentlemen admitted without cleaning their feet.



TUNE JOHNNY COPE.

I.
LADIES, your harsh commands forbear,
To Gentlemen they're too severe,
You must admit one stranger here,
A harmless little Robin.

II.
A house so clean redd up and neat,
In winter shall be my retreat
And, though I soil your summer seat,
Ne'er quarrel little Robin.

III.
When winter cold, rains snow and fleet,
O come, and gie the house a heat,
And leave some crumbs for me to eat,
A Starving little Robin.

IV.
I'm no voracious bird of pray,
To steal your hens and run away,
But one who comes in open day,
An honest little Robin.

(3)

V.

Obsequious to your high command,
At distance, on a tree I stand,
But hope, when winter is at hand,
You'll have a place for Robin.

VI.

It new fall'n snows, I'll wash my feet,
And wait on Ladies, clean and neat,
If you'll receive me to your seat,
And feed a little Robin.

VII.

So may rich stores your barn-yards fill,
And birds sing round you with good will,
And plenty crown each vale and hill :
Thus sings a little Robin.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

I.

O H! hear a penfive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries

II.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

III.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free born mouse detain.

IV.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood,
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth;

V.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

VI.

The chearful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

VII.

The well taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

VIII.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the same,

IX.

Beware, lest in the worm you crush
A brother's soul you find ;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

X.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be *all* of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little *all* to spare.

XI.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd ;
And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

XII.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

TO HIS LOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

One of our earliest dramatic writers, and a person of great genius; which this beautiful pastoral, had he composed nothing else would sufficiently evince. It has been generally attributed to Shakspeare, whose name requires not any addition from other peoples performances. The Author was killed, by a strange accident, in a brothel, 1593.

I.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.

II.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

III.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

IV.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

V.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

VI.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each *May* morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

I.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

II.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
When *Philomel* becometh dumb;
And all complain of cares to come.

III.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reek'ning yields :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

IV.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies ;
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

V.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

VI.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

FINIS.



SIX
FAVOURITE
SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

BY
ROBERT BURNS,
PETER PINDAR,
AND OTHERS.

*Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warm, awake and sing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song.*

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA, &c.

By ROBERT BURNS.



A S O N G.

I.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie.
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
 Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the fame.

II.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
 Welcome, now Simmer, and welcome, my Willie;
 The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

III.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently ye billows!
 And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

ENGLISH VERSES.

TO THE SAME AIR.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

I.

WHERE is the smile that was heav'n to our eye?
 Where is the voice that enchanted our ear?
 Nought now around us is heard but the sigh;
 Nought in the valley is seen but the tear.

II.

Blest is the cottage thy charms shall adorn;
 There will the moments be wing'd with delight;
 Pleasure with thee shall arise at the morn;
 Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

III.

Marian, thy form was a sun to our shade,
 Chac'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain,
 Leave not, O leave not, the verdures to fade;
 Let not chill darkness furround us again.

IV.

Tell us what tempts thee to fly from our grove?
 What is our crime that our valley should pine?
 Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love?
 The hearts of our shepherds already are thine.

BEHIND YON HILLS, &c.

By ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—MY NANIE, O.

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang muirs, and mosses many, O,
The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd;
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

Though westlin winds blaw loud and shill;
And it's baith mirk and rainy, O;
I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, and young;
'Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country-lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come well, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O.
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nanie, O.

ENGLISH VERSES,

TO THE SAME AIR,

BY DR. PERCY.

I.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor figh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and ruffet gown?

II.

No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare;
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

III.

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

IV.

O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

V.

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?

VI.

Say, shou'd disease, or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

VII.

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

VIII.

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

INVITATION

TO

A M A N D A.

I.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wint'ry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky.

II.

The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we see!

III.

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the bloffom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.

IV.

Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day:
For soon, too soon it will be night,
Arise, my love, and come away.

CONTENTMENT, PEACE, AND HEALTH.

I.

IN rural ease let me enjoy
Contentment, peace, and health;
The happy mean, so rarely found,
Nor poverty nor wealth.

II.

Let meek ey'd sensibility,
Sweet innocence, and love,
With friendship thou Angelic guest!
Be present where I rove.

III.

May virtue guide, and prudence guard
Th' effusions of the soul,
Let reason, sense, and wit refin'd,
Unite the perfect whole.

IV.

Thus let me live in rural ease,
Glide calmly to the end,
When dead, be graven on each heart,
A warm and steady friend.



FINIS.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

APPLICABLE TO THE
UNTIMELY DEATH

OF THE

CELEBRATED POET,

ROBERT BURNS.

To which are added,

VERSES ON TIME,

AND ON

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Have we not seen him sporting on these plains?

Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre?

Have we not felt the magic of his strains,

Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest fire?

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON the 21st of July, 1796, died at Dumfries, in the 37th year of his age, after a lingering illness, the celebrated ROBERT BURNS, the Scottish poet. His poetical compositions, distinguished equally by the force of native humour, by the warmth and the tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, will remain a lasting monument of the vigour and versatility of a mind, guided only by the light of nature and the inspirations of genius.

The public, to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will learn, with regret, that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered them useless to himself and his family. The last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence; and his widow, with five infant children, and in hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband.

The following Elegiac Stanzas, being written upon a similar event, describe so well the feelings which naturally arise on considering the untimely death of BURNS, that it is hoped their publication will meet the approbation of the public.



ELEGIAC STANZAS,

APPLICABLE TO THE

UNTIMELY DEATH

OF THE

CELEBRATED POET,

ROBERT BURNS.

I.

DARK was the night—and silence reign'd o'er all;
No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour:
The sheeted ghost stalk'd ghastly through the hall,
And ev'ry breast confess'd chill horror's pow'r:

II.

Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:
“Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form;
“When winter comes, the sweetest flow'ret drops,
“And oaks themselves must bend before the storm.”

III.

While thus I spake, a voice assail'd my ear,
’Twas sad—’twas slow—it fill’d my mind with dread!
“Forbear, it cry’d—thy moral lays forbear,
“Or change the strain—for BURNS alas! is dead.”

IV.

" Have we not seen him sporting on these plains?

" Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre?

" Have we not felt the magic of his strains,

" Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest fire?

V.

" Have we not hop'd these strains would long be heard?

" Have we not told how oft they touch'd the soul?

" And has not Scotia said, her youthful BARD

" Might spread her fame ev'n to the distant pole?

VI.

" But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd;

" Death strikes the blow—they sink—their reign is o'er;

" And these sweet songs, which we so oft have prais'd—

" These mirthful strains shall now be heard no more.

VII.

" This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys

" Which we with ardour covet to attain;

" Since ruthless fate so oft, so soon destroys

" The high-born hopes ev'n of the Muses train."

VIII.

I heard no more—The cock, with clarion shrill,

Loudly proclaim'd th' approach of morning near—

The voice was gone—but yet I heard it still—

For every note was echo'd back by fear.

IX.

" Perhaps, I cried, e'er yonder rising sun
 " Shall sink his glories in the western wave;
 " Perhaps 'ere then my race too may be run,
 " And I myself laid in the silent grave.

X.

" Oft then, O mortals! oft this dreadful truth
 " Should be proclaim'd—for fate is in the sound;
 " *That genius, learning, health and vigorous youth,*
 " *May, in one day, in death's cold chains be bound.*"

ON TIME.

I.

SAY, is there ought that can convey
 An image of its transient stay!
 'Tis an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
 'Tis a vessel under sail.

II.

'Tis a courser straining speed;
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
 'Tis an eagle in its way,
 Darting down upon its prey.

III.

'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing fight;
 'Tis a vapour in the air;
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there.

IV.

'Tis a short liv'd fading flower;
 'Tis a rainbow on a shower,
 'Tis a momentary ray,
 Smiling in a winter's day.

V.

'Tis a torrents rapid stream;
 'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
 'Tis the closing watch of night,
 Dying at approaching light.

VI.

'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
 Painted upon crumbling clay;
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
 'Tis a smoke that quick expires.

'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
 Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

I.

LIFE's like the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree:
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
 E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out and cut and so is done,
Withers the rose, the blossom blazs,
And flowers fade, the morning hastes,
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes and mortals die!

II.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like a bird that's here to-day
 Or like the pearled dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan;
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath
 Is here, now there, in life and death,
The Grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long
The swan's near death; man's life is done.

III.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look,
 Of like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
 Or like the writing in the sand,
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of the stream;
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 So here, now there, in life and death,
The bubbles burst, the looks forgot,
The shuttles flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

LINES CHARACTERISTIC

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE simple Bard, unbroke by rules of art,
 Pours forth the wild effusions of the heart;
 And, if inspir'd, 'tis nature's powers inspire;
 Her's all the melting thrill, her's all the kindling fire.



F I N I S.